INVISION

ISSUE ONE HUNDRED & NINE

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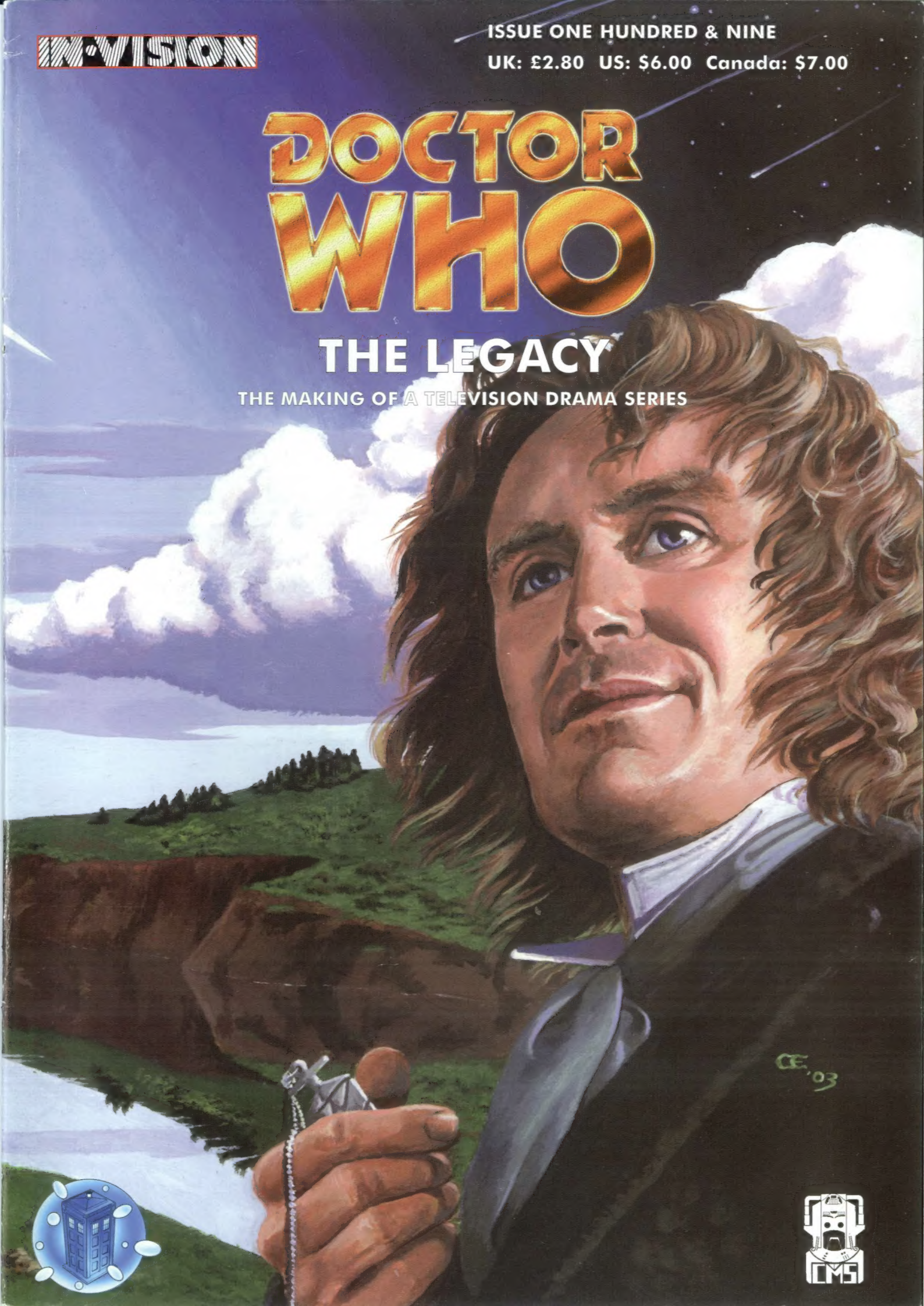
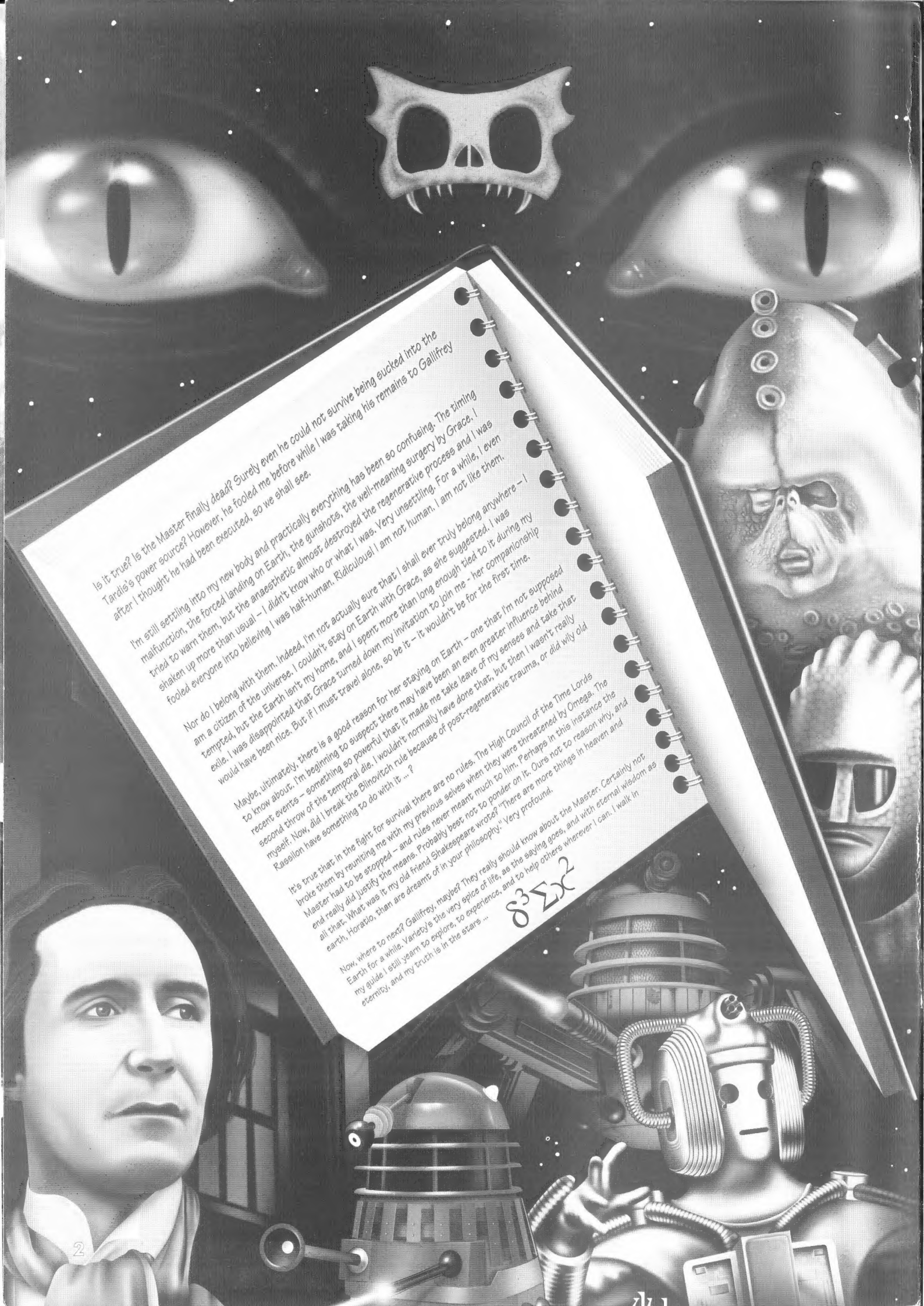
DOCTOR WHO

THE LEGACY

THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION DRAMA SERIES




Is it true? Is the Master finally dead? Surely even he could not survive being sucked into the Tardis's power source? However, he fooled me before while I was taking his remains to Gallifrey after I thought he had been executed, so we shall see.
I'm still settling into my new body and practically everything has been so confusing. The timing malfunction, the forced landing on Earth, the gunshots, the well-meaning surgery by Grace, I tried to warn them, but the anaesthetic almost destroyed the regenerative process and I was shaken up more than usual – I didn't know who or what I was. Very unsettling. For a while, I even fooled everyone into believing I was half-human. Ridiculous! I am not human. I am not like them.
Nor do I belong with them. Indeed, I'm not actually sure that I shall ever truly belong anywhere – I am a citizen of the universe. I couldn't stay on Earth with Grace, as she suggested. I was tempted, but the Earth isn't my home, and I spent more than long enough tied to it during my exile. I was disappointed that Grace turned down my invitation to join me - her companionship would have been nice. But if I must travel alone, so be it – it wouldn't be for the first time.
Maybe, ultimately, there is a good reason for her staying on Earth – one that I'm not supposed to know about. I'm beginning to suspect there may have been an even greater influence behind recent events – something so powerful that it made me take leave of my senses and take that second throw of the temporal die. I wouldn't normally have done that, but then I wasn't really myself. Now, did I break the Blinovitch rule because of post-regenerative trauma, or did wily old Rassilon have something to do with it ... ?
It's true that in the fight for survival there are no rules. The High Council of the Time Lords broke them by reuniting me with my previous selves when they were threatened by Omega. The Master had to be stopped – and rules never meant much to him. Perhaps in this instance the end really did justify the means. Probably best not to ponder on it. Ours not to reason why, and all that. What was it my old friend Shakespeare wrote? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Very profound.
Now, where to next? Gallifrey, maybe? They really should know about the Master. Certainly not Earth for a while. Variety's the very spice of life, as the saying goes, and with eternal wisdom as my guide I still yearn to explore, to experience, and to help others wherever I can. I walk in eternity, and my truth is in the stars ...
$\delta^3 \Sigma x^2$

THE BIG QUESTION

Are you looking forward to *Doctor Who*'s return?

The BBC is developing a new series of the sci-fi classic

▸ **JON CULSHAW** who impersonates the Doctor on Radio 4's *Dead Ringers*
I'm delighted – it's fantastic news. But they have to get it right. It mustn't be like a kids' pantomime. It's got to be just like it was in Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker's time – frightening, edge-of-the-seat, really well plotted. Don't Americanise it too much.

▸ **CLAYTON HICKMAN** Editor of *Doctor Who Magazine*
The magazine has been running for 25 years now, but for the past 14 we've had no television series, so there was dancing on the desks today when we heard of Lorraine Heggessey's plans to return *Doctor Who* to its rightful place on Saturday evenings!

▸ **COLIN BAKER** The sixth Doctor Who
Yes, but it's a slightly cautious pleasure. You cannot do what was done before because it would look dated. You have to do something new, and deciding how to pitch it is the big problem. But I'm delighted a new generation will find a new purpose for the back of their sofa. I doubt whether they'll have the courage to cast a female, but Dawn French would be an excellent Doctor.

▸ **MARK GATISS** A *Doctor Who* author and one of the League of Gentlemen
I feel simultaneously sick with excitement and trepidation. I would love to play the Doctor one of these days. I think it should be an unknown; Tom Baker was working on a building site the day he was told he was Doctor Who. No-one knew him from Adam.

▸ **WILLIAM BAKER** Kylie Minogue's creative director, who was partly influenced by *Doctor Who* when designing her tour set
I'm ecstatic. I feel like it's my birthday. When you grow up with a TV show like that it becomes part of your subconscious. I think they took it off at the right time and I think it's coming back at the right time. The show will continue to influence my work.

▸ **LINDA MILLINGTON** British Medical Association press officer
He's the doctor with all the answers – futuristic equipment, instant premises expansion, unlimited time travel to see people, wisdom gained over millennia – and when he gets burnt out he just regenerates. We're short of doctors – does he know of an intergalactic planet with a surplus of GPs?

Resurrection Day!

WHEN A CERTAIN PIECE OF news broke at the end of September, they were probably only four people in Britain who reacted with a groan.

One of them was Michael Grade, and we'll return to him later. The others were myself and Jeremy and Paula Bentham.

You see, for the last year and a half we've had a running joke. It usually surfaced about two days after **IN•VISION**'s 'official' deadline, when the words 'never again' and 'I would like some sleep this week' are also doing the rounds. "Only three, or five, or one, to go," Paula would say. "Just you wait... they'll start making the bloody thing again just as we reach the end."

And amazingly, that's exactly what's happened. If **IN•VISION** 109 had hit its deadlines, then it would have been at the printers on the weekend Russell T Davies was plastered over the papers. As it is, a certain amount of rewriting's been going on...

Not that much though, as this is the way we always knew **Doctor Who** would come back. An entire generation of media professionals grew up on the series, and they're now reaching positions of power, so it was only a matter of time. The rights issues that got in the way have been reduced to BBC Worldwide's impotent desire to make a film, and the fact that one of ITV's most respected writers could be poached to the Beeb with a bribe of **Doctor Who** meant the time has come. I wish there was time to include a final joyous supplement to the *Armageddon Factors* series – Resurrection Day? – in this issue, but it's clear the story of **Doctor Who**'s return has only just begun...

So will we be covering it in **IN•VISION**? The honest answer is we don't know. I've been editing **IN•VISION** for nine years. Jeremy Bentham has been publishing it for twenty-three, which is more than you serve for a couple of murders. Right now we need a break, and the last few issues have been put together on the assumption that issue 109 would be it, with the magazine's 'working capital' used to provide extra pages and colour in these final months. So to a large extent, we'd be starting again with issue 110... and it'll be two years before anyone needs to decide. Perhaps we'll be back. Perhaps the torch will pass to a new generation. All that's certain today is that, to coin a phrase, the door is not yet closed...

And as for Michael Grade... I've got an idea. What do you say to hiring a loudspeaker van, hooking it into a television, and parking it outside his home on a certain Saturday night in 2005? Then we can make sure he enjoys the return of the show he tried to kill to the full.

The Time Lord is returning... but Who will be playing him?

By Rebecca Smith

DOCTOR WHO, TV's classic science-fiction series, is set to return to screens within two years.

The BBC is working on a new series but has yet to decide who will play the Time Lord.

The programmes will be written by Russell T Davies, creator of controversial Channel 4 drama Queer As Folk.

He said: "I grew up watching Doctor Who and hiding behind the sofa like so many others. Doctor Who is one of the BBC's most exciting and original characters. He's had a rest and now it's time to bring him back."

He said the new series would be "fun, exciting, contemporary and scary".

"I'm aiming to write a full-blooded drama embracing the heritage at the same time as introducing the character to a modern audience," he said. Davies is expected to start work in the new year, with the series screened in 2005.

Doctor Who ran from 1963 to 1989, with actors in the title role including William Hartnell, Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker. In 2001 Sylvester McCoy reprised his role as the seventh Doctor in an audio drama broadcast on the web.

Richard E Grant, Paul McGann and Alan Davies are all thought to be in the running to take on the lead role.

Doctor Who ready to come out of the Tardis for Saturday TV series

By Tom Leonard
Media Editor

AUTER seems drifting hopelessly lost in the space/time continuum, *Doctor Who* is finally coming back to Earth.

In a move that heralds the most eagerly anticipated comeback in television history, BBC1 said yesterday that it is developing a new series of the sci-fi classic.

The BBC hopes that *Doctor Who*, which ran from 1963 to 1989, with a brief reappearance by an eighth incarnation of the Time Lord in a film in 1996, will once more become a fixture of Saturday early evening viewing.

The announcement should at least halt a long-running campaign by *Doctor Who*'s army of dedicated fans to force the BBC to bring it back.

But in a development that may alarm purists, the new series is being written by Russell T Davies, the creator of *Queer As Folk*, the controversial Channel 4 drama about gay life in Manchester, and *Bob and Rose*, an ITV drama about a homosexual man falling for a straight woman.

Although Davies says he wants to "introduce the character to a modern audience", Lorraine Heggessey, the controller of BBC1, insisted yesterday that she did not expect a gay Doctor Who.

She stressed that Davies had been chosen primarily because he is an "absolute *Doctor Who* fanatic" who had asked to write a new series.

She said it was too early to say which of the doctor's most famous enemies, who include the Cybermen, the Master and the Sea Devils, would return, but insiders said it was unthinkable that the Daleks would not be trundling back into action.

The actor who will follow in the footsteps of such popular Dr Whos as Tom Baker, has not yet been considered, she said. Possible candidates include Richard E Grant, who is appearing in a BBC internet version of *Doctor Who*, Paul McGann, who starred in the 1996 version, and Alan Davies, who has been linked to the role in the past. Ms Heggessey said she had wanted to bring back the series for two years but the rights were held by BBC Worldwide, the corporation's commercial arm, which has been trying to agree a film deal with a Hollywood studio.

"Worldwide has now agreed that, as they haven't made the film and I've been waiting for two years, it's only right that BBC1 should have a crack at making a series," she said.

Davies, who also wrote the critically acclaimed ITV drama *Second Coming*, will start writing in the New Year. The series is unlikely to be broadcast before 2005.

He said yesterday: "I grew up watching *Doctor Who*, hiding behind the sofa like so many others. He's had a good rest and now it's time to bring him back.

"The new series will be fun, exciting, contemporary and scary."

Davies will work initially on just one six-part series.

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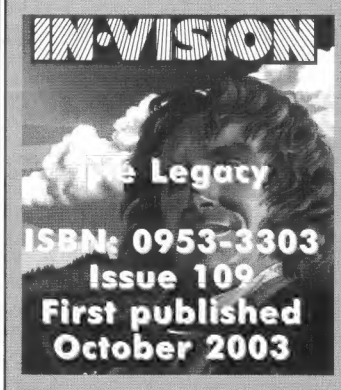
Tom Baker: famous D...



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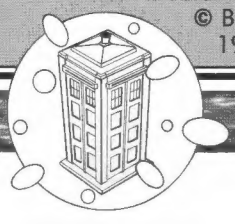
Final issue... until the series returns!



Loving the Monster

Nicole Fisher argues that **Buffy the Vampire Slayer** is the natural successor to **Doctor Who** - except that its morality has grown beyond judging by appearances, as **Doctor Who** never did, despite several stories which claimed to do so...

THERE IS A MOMENT IN GENESIS OF THE DALEKS where the Doctor looks into the incubation room, sees the future evolution of the Kaleds and mutters: "You've got troubles."

It is an unfortunate scene, for it betrays a view that to be monstrous is almost necessarily bad.

Having said this GENESIS OF THE DALEKS does counteract that view in an earlier scene, when the Doctor confronts Nyder and invents political correctness by chastising him that the mutos are not animals: "You mean 'genetically wounded'", he says sternly.

Equally in NIGHTMARE OF EDEN the Doctor asserts that the Mandrells "have a perfect right to exist". It is not after all their fault that they decompose into an addictive drug.

What is telling about these examples is that they are so easy to select. On the whole in **Doctor Who** it is implicit not only that it is a bad thing to be monstrous, but that to be monstrous is to be a bad thing.

A glib phrase perhaps, but true and in fairness **Doctor Who**, as a children's show, is not obliged to be interested in the ethics of its drama. It is there to scare. Monsters are scary, so our heroes fight monsters.

Twenty years later than these examples the kids who were being thrilled by the *sang froid* with Tom Baker despatched his grotesque nemeses are thrilling instead to the equally world weary derring-do of Buffy and her friends.

And is it any wonder? Consider the set-up. A sexually neutral middle-aged man is chaperone to a young girl in whom he shows no sexual interest, with a rotating cast of similar sidekicks. The aforesaid man in turn has a past he would rather not discuss, but which has left him with a vast store of knowledge which he uses to their mutual advantage.

So far so analogous and both went down the pan when they became about quasi-military set-ups. Also the target audience is the same: kids – but the show keeps a tougher edge which young adults will appreciate, subtle enough not to be alienating or frightening to children. Also lots of eye candy.

It goes further. Neither the Doctor nor Buffy are archetypal heroes. Some, we may say, are born heroes, some achieve heroism, and some have heroism thrust upon them.

The Doctor does not choose to be heroic (or at any rate not until the Cartmel era and even then he is less hero than planner). He is out to see the universe. There is a crucial and wonderful scene about this in the otherwise paint-dryingly boring COLONY IN SPACE. The Doctor, bounced into his mission by the Time Lords, and the Master confront each other over the Doomsday Weapon and the Master's frustration reaches boiling point. Why, he demands, will the Doctor not join him in universal domination? Because, the Doctor replies simply, he wants to see the universe, not rule it. Unfortunately, as we know, he never really gets the chance to do so. Trouble follows him. Albeit without Buffy's status as an officially Chosen One, he nevertheless is an agent of Good and his moral duty compels him to fight the forces of darkness. "All my life," says the sixth Doctor, "I have battled against evil." He left Gallifrey because he was bored and, without really intending too, became a hero.

Similarly Buffy is only out to see the world, to the extent that a teenage girl can see it, but trouble follows her and her duty is to fight it. Neither she nor the Doctor seek their heroism. Both are reluctant. Neither really has a choice. Note that when Buffy tries to ignore her calling in REPTILE BOY it all goes pear shaped. Likewise in THE BRAIN OF MORBIUS the Doctor (oh look, bounced into his mission by the Time Lords) tries to ignore his calling. He is dragged in anyway. Both are the reluctant pawns of their duty.

So not only are the two series' surface formats the same but so too are the theoretical formats, albeit that in **Doctor Who** it is the man who is the hero, whereas in Buffy it is the girl (eye candy, you see). The ideological format is altogether more interesting.

Buffy is a vampire slayer. This much we are told. However a show in which the enemy each week is the same old vampires probably would not last long. Hence the *deus ex machina* of the Hellmouth, a convenient device to ring the changes. It is Buffy's TARDIS. In the first couple of seasons Buffy fights vampires, a giant preying mantis, possessed hyenas, the demon Moloch, zombies, a giant snake, mutant fish and so on and so on. The common denominator? They all look horrible. To be monstrous is to be bad. Not only this, but there is a fairly ruthless approach taken by the team, to whit: we kill demons. As the Americans would say – period.

So there is a nasty syllogism here, inherited from the show's illustrious predecessor.

- Monstrous things are bad
- We kill bad things
- Therefore we kill what is monstrous

This is the legacy that **Doctor Who** has bequeathed to **Buffy**.

Now, as we observed earlier **Doctor Who** from time to time deviated from this formula. An early example is GALAXY 4. Another is THE MUTANTS. In both the subtlety is sledgehammer, but there is credit for trying.

The good news is that **Buffy** and its spin-off **Angel** successfully transform this formula, albeit from the juddery start noted above. The show cannot throw off its initial presumption that the monstrous hides behind the beautiful – Angel, Darla and the other vampires reveal their evil when they lose their apparent humanity. What it does do, however, is explore this notion in a way which **Doctor Who** did not. The significance of the change of face is that it is the evil itself which is the disfigurement. Thus whereas Angel has had his soul restored Spike regains his soul, or loses his monstrosity, by changing his behaviour. We see the process begin in LOVER'S WALK.

"They all look horrible. To be monstrous is to be bad. Not only this, but there is a fairly ruthless approach taken by the team, to whit: we kill demons"

The development of **Buffy** from **Doctor Who** therefore is to change the focus from the fact of monstrosity to the nature of it. It reaches its fullest expression not in **Buffy** but in **Angel**, where there is much that is monstrous which is in fact benign. Demons live in comfort, use iMacs (hurrah!) and go to karaoke bars, all presented against a backdrop of relentless violence. It is the actions which are monstrous, not the appearance.

Doctor Who was never all that interested in the nature of evil. Why do the Cybermen wish to conquer the universe? They just do, that's all. Why does Davros create the Daleks to give him power over creation? Because he wants to and he can. When in THE CURSE OF FENRIC Ace asks the Doctor what is going on his answer is barely comprehensible but what does come through is the basic principle that there is Good and there is Evil and it's just as simple as that, guvnor. This parlous state of ethics is an unfortunate hangover from the Williams era with its Black and White Guardians.

Evil in **Buffy** becomes, as the series progresses, much more ambiguous. An early indication of this more sophisticated sense of evil occurs in SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED wherein Daryl Epps is attempting to regain, if not his life, at least his lifestyle, after having been killed. These are not evil motives, but his actions are at odds with them. The theme is revisited in LIE TO ME, wherein Billy Fordham is driven to his actions by his own impending death, and in THE ZEPPO, where Jack's motives are altogether evil. **Buffy** is prepared to explore quite different motives for similar actions and becomes sympathetic to the idea that all may not at first be what it seems. To begin with Giles' records enable him to show Buffy how to destroy whatever miscellaneous monster has crossed their path. As the series progresses he and Buffy become more accustomed to the notion that not all the monstrous things need to be destroyed. In **Angel** monstrous beings become regular members of the heroic cast.

In **Doctor Who** this is rather less the case. On the whole the show does not entertain the idea that man and not-man can co-exist. Even on those occasions when it is tried (notably ...AND THE SILURIANS, THE SEA DEVILS, and WARRIORS OF THE DEEP) the effort is unsuccessful.

The question we ask, therefore, is how two series which proceed from the same premises to different outcomes.

The answer lies, largely, in their era. **Doctor Who** is a product of the cold war, of the simple thinking that who is not with us is against us. This was the thinking which gave us *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It may be no coincidence that the series ended the year the wall came down. Its simple certainties had no place in the new, more politically sophisticated era. The pluralist 1990s admit a wider spectrum of reasoning, that to be unalike is not necessarily to be monstrous and that it is indeed manners that makyth both man and demon.

Buffy is the natural successor to **Doctor Who**, but it may be more than that. It may be what **Doctor Who** would have been if it had adapted to the sensibilities of an era it never quite managed to reach.

The Past is an All-Too-Familiar Country

Did continuity kill the show, or is a focus on the series' past the secret of its continued success? ***Fiona Moore and Alan Stevens*** consider the reasons for the emphasis on tradition among **Doctor Who** writers and fans, and whether or not it's bad to be trad.

WADING THROUGH THE MASSIVE volumes of writing on **Doctor Who** over recent years, the most striking thing is the focus on "tradition." Despite the fact that the label is frequently applied in counterintuitive ways (the pure "base under siege" story, considered by most to be "traditional," did not actually appear until THE TENTH PLANET, for instance), we find throughout any factual book, fanzine, website or copy of ***Doctor Who Magazine*** the unspoken assumption that whether a story is "traditional" matters more than whether it is actually any good. The question which never seems to be asked is, however, where this focus has come from, and what its consequences, positive and negative, have been.

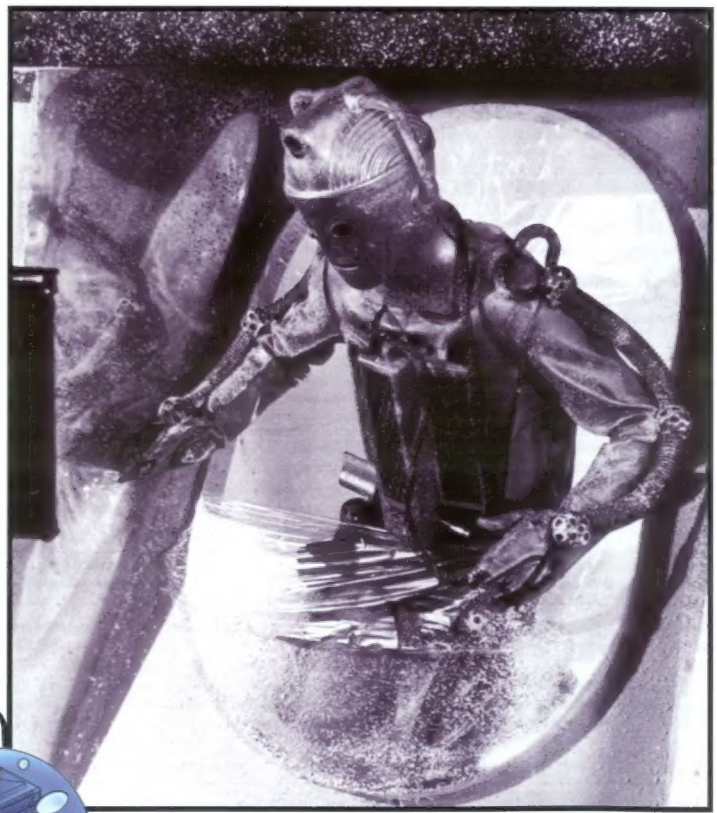
The interesting thing is that for most of the programme's history to date, it actually took a very anti-traditional approach. Although it is not true to say that continuity and continuity-referencing did not exist in the 1960s and 1970s, it has to be said that at this time there was little fuss about continuity breaches if they served a purpose. The Cybermen, for instance, were able to change their appearance with very little concern on the part of the production team or the viewers. Similarly, there seems to have been no consensus among the scriptwriters and production team as to when the UNIT stories were set: THE INVASION takes place over a decade after 1968 to judge by the everyday technology in use, but later on we get THE TIME MONSTER, which could not really be set at any point other than the early 1970s. Furthermore, regeneration episodes aside, the current incarnation of the Doctor is usually treated as if he were the only one there had ever been; five stories into Troughton's tenure, the Cybermen are addressing him as if he had always been the Doctor, and this tendency continues through the Pertwee and Baker eras. Although there were a few exceptions, such as THE THREE DOCTORS, extensive references to the past do not exist until the early 1980s, apart from a few throwaway lines based on the writer's own, sometimes shaky, memories of the programme (e.g. the Doctor's conflating of Victoria and Vicki in PYRAMIDS OF MARS).

> "Regeneration episodes aside, the current incarnation of the Doctor is usually treated as if he were the only one there had ever been"

This was also very much the case with the series' merchandising. For the most part, spinoff products were made as if the current incumbent was the only Doctor that had ever existed, presumably to avoid confusing the casual purchaser. The annuals and comics, for instance, never contained past-Doctor stories or even referred to the presence of a past Doctor, and some Pertwee **Doctor Who** comic strips were later reprinted with Tom Baker's head superimposed. While the Target novelisations were initially released with the face of the appropriate Doctor on the cover, this soon changed to depicting the then-incumbent Tom Baker on the more recent stories, but no Doctor at all on any earlier ones. Toys and games only depicted the current Doctor in the role.

Much of this was to change with the advent of John Nathan-Turner, who, upon becoming producer, famously inherited a problem in the form of Tom Baker. Whereas in the 1960s, the heroic role was divided between the Doctor and his companions, by the Pertwee era, the Doctor had become the "hero" of the programme with his companions reduced to being sidekicks, and by the Baker era the man in the title role was definitely the star of the show, famously asserting that he didn't need a companion. In the eyes of the public, Tom Baker was the programme, and, as a leading actor who is too powerful can hold a series to ransom, that was an attitude which Nathan-Turner had to combat.

Nathan-Turner therefore went about diverting attention from the series' title character in a number of ways. One was to put more companions in the Tardis; another was to cast as Baker's successor Peter Davison, an actor who was a much less larger-than-life figure, and who consciously did not want to make



Spot the Difference!

the series the focus of his career – he was even appearing in another programme, **Sink or Swim**, at the same time as he was appearing in **Doctor Who**. More significantly, however, Nathan-Turner began emphasising the series' roots and history in its associated publicity, underlining that Tom Baker was not *the* Doctor, but merely *a* Doctor, one in a series of incumbents who took different but equally valid approaches to the role. This change is further heralded by the fact that, from season 19 onwards, the credits cease to refer to the leading character as "Doctor Who" and instead call him "the Doctor," thus reducing him from being the title role into simply one character among many. By focusing on the past, the idea develops that the programme is not about the individual playing the Doctor, but about a broader set of heroes, villains and events.

This is reflected, firstly, in the greater emphasis on tradition and continuity within the series itself, with the revival of old monsters and formats in such stories as WARRIORS OF THE DEEP, extensive continuity-referencing in serials like TIMELASH, and the reinterpretation of the series' past in, among others, REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS. Secondly, however, the tie-in merchandise began to reflect the fact that **Doctor Who** had a past: extensive books on its history, such as ***Doctor Who**: The Early Years*, began to appear. Furthermore, whereas the main reference work of the 1970s, *The Making of **Doctor Who***, focused very much on the present Doctor with his predecessors being given only brief descriptions, the Doctors began to get equal time in the reference books of the 1980s. Reference book covers and promotional art began to show all the Doctors, usually giving them equal prominence rather than favouring the current incumbent (contrast publicity pictures for THE THREE DOCTORS to those for THE FIVE DOCTORS), or else showed other things associated with the series, such as a TARDIS or a Dalek. For the first time, a repeat season was screened which featured other Doctors than the present one, significantly entitled **The Five Faces of Doctor Who**. The emphasis on tradition and continuity thus began as a means of drawing attention away from the show's principal actor.

Unfortunately, though, this approach did have a number of negative outcomes. One was that, in the programme, an emphasis on quality began to be replaced with an emphasis on tradition. Whereas in the 1960s and 1970s a writer commissioned to do, say, a Dalek story, would simply write an adventure that he felt was suited to the monster in question, in the 1980s it became customary for a writer to sit down and watch every single available Dalek story, and to cobble something together from their elements. This was further complicated by the fact that "missing" stories tended to assume a status all out of proportion with the reality, as fan mythology painted many of them as much better than they were; series writers thus were being encouraged to view as "classics" serials which, had they survived, would barely have been given a second glance. For the most part, stories taking this pastiche approach suffer in quality as a result: the rare occasions on which it does work, for instance EARTHSHOCK, do so because the writer also had a good idea for a story as well. Tradition thus began to be valued above quality in terms of commissioning and writing stories, with problematic results.

Of equal significance, however, was the influence of this focus on tradition and continuity on the burgeoning fandom of the late 1970s through late 1980s. Fans, naturally, wanted to learn about the past of their favourite show, invite actors and production staff formerly associated with the programme to conventions, and (thanks to the popularisation of the VCR) catch up with old episodes. Already primed by the advent of Target novels in the 1970s, they were further encouraged by both the show's producer and the available merchandise to look to the past: people who are continually being told that the Cybermen were the best thing to happen to the programme in the 1960s are going to push for a revival, regardless of the quality of said revival. Although fans of every programme are interested in their show's history, the degree of focus on tradition among **Doctor Who** fans is exceptional, and this is at least partly due to the nature of the programme during fandom's early years.

The only way to have broken free from this situation would have been to wipe the slate clean. While attempts were made to do this during the Seventh Doctor's tenure, they failed, partly because the idea that traditional = good had become too much of a juggernaut by this point (meaning that McCoy was soon back battling the same old enemies), and partly because most of the other stories were poorly written and/or produced. We will court controversy here and say that the proposed American series mooted in the early 1990s (later becoming the now-infamous telemovie) might equally have provided the necessary break with tradition, but again it was scuppered by various parties' insistence on including "traditional" elements (the regeneration, the Master, Gallifrey, etc.), and, more significantly, the fact that none of the story ideas were particularly good.

Fourteen years after the end of the series' original run, the result has been that the programme's offshoots, spinoffs and fan activities have a strong focus on tradition. Although certain of the books, CDs,

IF IN DOUBT... IGNORE IT!

How other pop culture phenomena treat their continuity...

Francis Urquhart

At the conclusion of *House of Cards*, Francis Urquhart throws himself from the Westminster roof garden rather than face exposure... at least, he does in the book and radio versions. In the second book, *To Play the King*, he's alive and well, as it's a sequel to the TV version, where he survives.

Having been forced to resign at the end of *To Play the King*, he's nevertheless still in office in *The Final Cut*, which is once again a sequel to the changed television version. Still, this time round both versions agree that this is the end... though the circumstances of Urquhart's assassination are changed...

Frasier

Frasier Crane, we're told quite precisely in the **Cheers** episode DIANE MEETS MOM, is an only child whose upper-crust father died years ago. Yet when he moves to Seattle eight years later, he and his brother are forced to take care of his infirm father Martin, a street-wise ex-cop. As Frasier later admits to Sam Malone, he was embarrassed, and he lied.

Steptoe and Son

The colour episodes belong to an entirely different continuity to the black and white ones, thanks to Galton and Simpson's desire to keep Harold just young enough, at 38, to have a hope of escaping one day. So in 65 TODAY, we're told that Albert gets his pension book in 1964. Other episodes confirm that Harold was born in 1925 and served in the Second World War.

Yet by the colour episodes, Harold's military experience has become national service in Malaya during the 1950s, while A DEATH IN THE FAMILY confirms that he's three years younger than the Steptoes' ancient horse, Hercules, who was born in 1930. As for Albert, he lied about his age when he took the King's Shilling in World War One...

The Liver Birds

The ultimate horror for anyone concerned with continuity. During the original series, Sandra Huthinson shared her flat with Beryl Hennessey for three years, and then with Carol Boswell, whose eccentric family included Lucien, the rabbit lover. Yet when Sandra was reunited with Beryl in 1996, the Boswells had somehow become the latter's relations!

Davros? Who he? Yarvelling.

TO MANY FANS, AND TO THOSE outside organised fandom, **Doctor Who** will always come to mind as a television series. The endeavours of Big Finish – high-quality productions made by fan-producers for fan-consumers – do not register with the wider public any more than the efforts of even the most successful of Fantasy and Science Fiction authors do, aside from the likes of Pratchett and King. Big Finish reach a small but dedicated niche audience. We're not talking broadcast ratings figures here, to be counted by the million. Instead, we are dealing with so many thousands of product units shifted. Likewise, BBC Books may sell respectable numbers of their ongoing and generally excellent **Doctor Who** novels – respectable, that is, by the standards of book-retailing – but again these are for a target market of dedicated readers: a sub-subculture, even. The 1960s **Doctor Who** movies are an historical curiosity, *DWM*'s comic strip is a legacy of the magazine's origins and seems out of step with much of that magazine's increasingly analytical content, and occasional stage-plays have done nothing to dent the impression that **Doctor Who** is, was, and will be again a TV programme. **Who** never quite made it to multi-media 'franchise' status. Arguably, rather than becoming an integrated meta-text sprawling across media, **Doctor Who** of the '69 – '89 variety was (at least partly by virtue of its TV industry context) a TV programme that happened to sustain spin-off merchandising. And although Big Finish, BBC Books, and Virgin before them, stepped into the breach in the absence of new **Who** on TV, even now their efforts are often still thought of not as an unfolding, multi-media metatext, but as a series of substitutes for 'real' (i.e. live-action TV) **Doctor Who.** Consider, for example, the apparent surprise that greeted a recent announcement that Big Finish's licence would continue alongside what is presumably a dusted-down version of Russell T Davies's '*Doctor Who 2000*' treatments. Clearly some fans do not approach Big Finish's output as a fully valid or canonical series of **Doctor Who** adventures. This way of thinking could perhaps be described as a shared, communal fan approach to the more recent worlds of **Doctor Who**, but it does not go uncontested. Licensed books and audios have their vocal and vociferous supporters. Even here, however, factions of fans celebrating these newer adventures refer back to the forms and contents of 'classic' televised **Who** (often of a 1970s vintage). Certainly 'past adventure' novels and non-Eighth Doctor Big Finish audios seem to be appraised for their ability (or lack thereof) to analogue preceding versions of televisual **Who**. What I want to suggest in this piece, then, is that a substantial cross-section of fandom has tended *not* to treat the different media incarnations of **Doctor Who** as carrying the 'essence' of their respective media (so that audios 'have the best pictures' as one can imagine them rather than having to confront poor special effects or bad make-up, or such that novels can be literary in their word-play and granting of first-person perspective). Rather than taking an essence-based or 'essentialist' view of different media, sections of 'new' and 'old' fandom alike have approached post-television texts through their experiences and memories of loving a television programme. Fans of a TV series have therefore interpreted new novels and audios *as if they were (or should be) TV.*

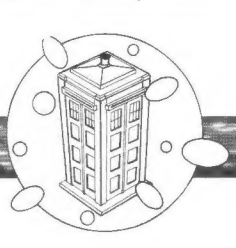
To think a little more about what is at stake here, I want to make use of John Thornton Caldwell's (1995) term "televisuality". This is, let's be fair, an ugly word. With or without scare quotes, it doesn't trip off the tongue. It isn't going to win any awards for plain English. But I think it's useful for us, for fans of **Doctor Who**, for readers of **IN•VISION**, because it can tell us something about the post-1996 fortunes of the Doctor.

Caldwell developed the term in his 1995 study *Televisuality*, using it to explore how 1980s and 1990s American TV became style-conscious, re-producing itself through filmic and videographic aesthetics, and how TV producers attempted to create "event" TV along with new notions of "quality" TV tied into specific audience demographics. **24** and **The Sopranos** are a part of this legacy, playing with ideas of TV as a filmic, in-your-face aesthetic style, and working hard to individuate their formats; **Miami Vice** and **Twin Peaks** were part of its earlier waves. For Caldwell, televisuality is a specific moment in television's history, part of a drive to keep TV drama distinctive and noticeable in the media marketplace. Being televisual therefore isn't the same thing as simply being on television: **EastEnders** is on TV, but it isn't televisual; it's typically an example of anonymous direction, in which the 'reality' of the characters' predicaments is what we should be focused on, if we like that sort of thing.

novellas, internet broadcasts and so forth have attempted to break with tradition, this is always seen as a daring move, and much is made of the idea that there exists a segment of the fan population which will not buy them as a matter of principle. Furthermore, these breaches are almost always marketed in terms of being "controversial" or "adventurous," rather than in terms of the story's quality. In fact, it seems that the idea that fans will be "turned off" by stories which breach continuity is something of a myth: as the example of the Cybermen stories demonstrates, fans will find some way to rationalise continuity breaches if they want to. There are, furthermore, a number of ways of explaining continuity breaches within the series itself, as witness the changes to history made in GENESIS OF THE DALEKS and PYRAMIDS OF MARS, and the alternative universes presented in INFERNO and BATTLEFIELD. Despite this, the general attitude is that "traditional" stories are what we should regard as the bedrock of the series, with experimentation confined to the occasional controversial novel or comedy one-off special.

It is not true, however, to say that a focus on tradition– or a diversion away from it– spells instant doom for the series. A story is not necessarily good simply because it is experimental (see, for instance, PARADISE TOWERS), nor is it necessarily poor simply because it fits with "tradition." The problem with the series' focus on the past in the 1980s was not that looking to the past is an inherently bad thing, but simply that the "traditional" nature of a story became valued over and above its actual quality. So, while the emphasis on tradition has undoubtedly had some problematic results, it would be ridiculous to claim that it is inherently detrimental to the programme, or that a series focused on frequent radical change would have been a better option.

The lesson to be learned from the twenty-six year history of the series to date, and its fourteen (plus)-year aftermath, is therefore that the only thing that matters to a **Doctor Who** story is whether or not it is well-written and produced. If the writing, production and acting are good, it doesn't matter whether the story revives monsters from the 1960s, or takes the series off in an entirely new direction; likewise, neither a traditional nor a radical approach can save a story which hasn't received the proper care and attention in the production stages. If the series' legacy is to continue, the focus must shift from whether or not a story is traditional… to whether or not it actually works.



Televisuality without Television:

Should fandom be TV-centric?

Doctor Who was born as a television series, but for a dozen years it's been kept alive by other media. Can **Doctor Who** be 'proper' science fiction, or just a television series reproduced on the page? **Dr Matt Hills** of the University of Cardiff considers the 'Trad/Rad' debate...

On the face of it, this all sounds pretty alien to the worlds of **Doctor Who**, which were far from the hues of **Miami Vice** (perhaps bar THE HAPPINESS PATROL's pink) and generally beyond the Lynchian games of **Twin Peaks** (perhaps bar GHOSTLIGHT's watch-it-again-and-see-if-you-get-it, video-friendly compression of narrative). Where 1980s US 'televisuality' was all self-conscious, artsy glitz, **Doctor Who** was, after the enervation of Season 18, rather more Sabalom Glitz.

So can televisuality offer anything other than an American yardstick against which to measure BBC **Doctor Who** production values, or a stick to beat the TV Movie with? Well, it does at least raise the question of TV drama's aesthetics, and of the television formats that help to shape and carry beloved narratives and characters. At one point in his capacious book-length study, John Thornton Caldwell alights on TV science fiction, noting that: "It is worth considering... why many primetime televisual shows also became cult shows that attracted fan followings. **Beauty and the Beast**, **The X-Files**, **Quantum Leap**, **Star Trek** and **Max Headroom** all initiated fan activity not simply because they were visual, but because they also utilized self-contained and volatile narrative and fantasy worlds... Their preoccupation with alternative worlds... justified and allowed for extreme narrative and visual gambits... Like sci-fi, televisuality developed a system/genre of alternative worlds that tolerated and expected both visual flourishes – special effects, graphics, acute cinematography and editing – and narrative embellishments – time travel... [etc.]" (Caldwell 1995, p.261)

According to this connection, sf is privileged in relation to televisuality, offering ways of closely realising the distinctive narrative pleasures of the televisual. Televisuality is "like sci-fi", and seemingly not just in its technobabble. Whereas most naturalistic TV drama and soaps like **EastEnders** lack any interest in "alternative worlds", telefantasy seems closer to the televisual from the outset.

But if televisuality is so readily enmeshed with the science-fictional (or with telefantasy), then we might try suggesting that **Doctor Who** was 'televisual' *avant la lettre*, and hence that televisuality was already lurking within BBC TV production at least from 1963 onwards, awaiting its ultimate US glorification. Extreme narrative and visual gambits: Dalekmania, anyone? Or Saturday evening, early primetime Zarbi? Or, rather later, the beautifully blank *mise-en-scene* of *Warriors' Gate*. Self-reflexivity and pastiche... the names 'Douglas Adams' and 'Philip Hinchcliffe' spring to mind... Thought of as televisuality, even DRAGONFIRE's incomprehensibly useless episode one cliffhanger and its quotation from ***Doctor Who:*** *The Unfolding Text* (Tulloch and Alvarado 1983) get their moment in the limelight.

And if **Doctor Who** wasn't, after all, foreign to 'the televisual' – despite having been produced in the wrong country and at the wrong time to fit Caldwell's thesis – then it would follow that many of the pleasures of this series were, and are, pleasures of televisuality. Again, recall that this isn't the same thing as saying that **Doctor Who** was good when it was on TV. **Doctor Who** was good, in part, because it was so damn televisual.

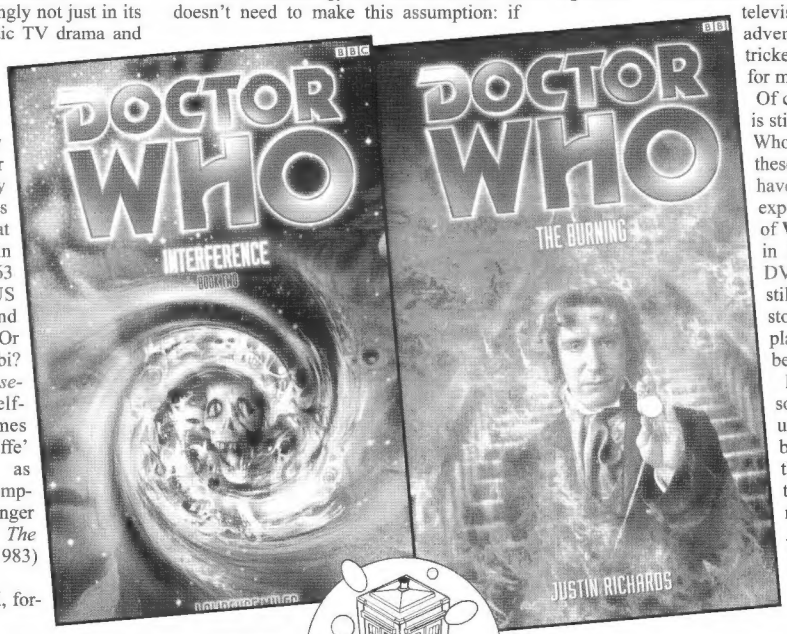
This detour through "televisuality" gives us a way to consider the post-1996 fan's dilemma: how were such pleasures to be found in new post-television **Who**? Could the *New Adventures* cut it? Was anyone going to care about the Miles Masterplan, or the Richards Masterplan?

> "Was anyone going to care about the Miles Masterplan, or the Richards Masterplan? If the fan battle was joined here, then this wasn't about "a bunch of grumpy old men"

If the fan battle was joined here, then this certainly wasn't about "a bunch of grumpy old men, getting nostalgic about 'glory days' that never really existed", as Stephen Searle argues way back in ***Doctor Who*** *Magazine 294* (p.7). This was more than a 'Golden Age' debate, with each generation of fans championing their favourite period of the programme (now generally accepted as fan code for "when I was ten" – 1981 in my own case). This was about something else: the very televisuality of **Doctor Who**. Because if televisuality isn't quite the same thing as 'being on telly', then it can be recreated (and/or challenged) in books and audios. For Caldwell, "televisuality" is inseparable from the images and events of TV as a technology and cultural form, but his argument doesn't need to make this assumption: if "televisuality" is about constructing TV as eventful, memorable, and culturally valuable (drawing on notions of 'art' and 'film', so that even Caldwell's argument implies a certain media permeability) then "televisuality" can logically occur without television – in the interpretations, discourses, and passions of a fandom, for instance, as well as in books and audios that themselves mediate the legacy/heritage/cultural afterlife of a TV series.

In short, **Doctor Who**'s evolving but ever-recognisable TV format, its aesthetic style, as well as how it was slotted into a TV-industry-led form that now barely exists (those 25 minute episodes complete with cliffhanger), can potentially be replayed outside the realms of television. The world's longest running TV science fiction series doesn't need TV. It simply needs to be televisual.

Which takes us into what became dubbed the 'Trad' and 'Rad' debate. Trads want **Doctor Who** stories to be forever in twenty-five minute—ish chunks, times three or four; they're not enamoured by attempts to pull in 'story arc' narrative structures gleaned from **The X-Files** or later **Star Treks**; and they tend to be dismissive of efforts to rework the Who format such as an amnesiac Doctor, or a Gallifrey-less Whoniverse (oh yes, we had our own universe-turned-programme-format before the Buffyverse was a twinkle in Joss Whedon's eye). Whether or not it's on TV, **Doctor Who**'s televisuality has to be conserved as far as the Trads are concerned. This was an aesthetic choice very much championed by the Big Finish audios. Despite the fact that hearing a non-electronic rendering of Ron Grainer's theme tagged onto a Peter Davison story could stand as *the* definition of a continuity disaster or a breach of cultural memory, this anchoring of **Who** to a certain televisuality is what makes the Big Finish adventures, regardless of their occasional trickery, seem satisfyingly **Doctor Who**-esque for many fan-consumers.



Of course, a certain section of 'Trad' fandom is still never going to get past the 'real Doctor Who was what was on TV' perspective; for these fans, televisuality and being-on-telly have become condensed into one seamless experience; the media and textual 'essence' of **Who** is carried in its *tele*snaps, or perhaps in its non-VIDfired video and non-CGIed DVD releases. Thus, while fan debate may still rage over the relative merits of specific stories or eras, the 'telly' question tends to play like a trump card, defining Whoness beyond all other murky arenas of dispute.

But it needn't be this way, and it isn't for some writers and creators of a thing called, under licence, **Doctor Who**. Much has been made, and is always made, of the fact that **Doctor Who** beyond TV could transcend the show's occasionally all-too-risible limitations. The Virgin *New Adventures* threatened to do this; Big Finish may want to be true-to-**Who**, but the audios reach for a soundscape's sense of scale and menace that wasn't always

on-screen (e.g. EYE OF ORION); and Paul Cornell's Ninth Doctor web-animation-cum-niche-merchandise currently threatens to be traditional but in a way that escapes the limits of the live-action televisual.

By reversing the polarity of the TV-essence or TV-centric debate, writers like Paul Magrs (*Scarlet Empress*, *Verdigris*), Lawrence Miles (*Alien Bodies*, *Interference*, *The Adventures of Henrietta Street*), and Mike Tucker (*Prime Time*) have pushed instead for a lit-crit **Doctor Who** in which questions of the televisual become the basis for self-reflexive homage and, yes, narrative deconstruction. *Interference*, not coincidentally, introduces the concept of a monstrously TV-centric alien race/culture just at the very moment that Who's televisuality, if not TV continuity itself, threatens to dissolve into an sf-literary play of quantum fluctuations. The *Galaxy Quest*-style in-joke seems to be that Miles's TV-centric aliens can be read as a version of fandom-gone-wrong, being excessively tied, culturally and existentially, to a single medium.

The game afoot here is, it would seem, a bid for **Doctor Who** no longer as poor-relation "media tie-in", but rather as fully fledged science fiction *literature*. In part, perhaps this uneasy bid for literary status is linked to the fact that Virgin and BBC **Doctor Who** book ranges have been open to previously unpublished (fan) authors, unlike **Star Trek** books which tend to be penned by established, professional writers, with an annual short story collection (*Strange New Worlds)*, acting as a début slot for fans. Hence, whereas **Trek** books may be viewed by at least some of their writers as a quick professional job in between others and a way of drawing attention to their 'serious' SF books, **Who** books have carried a fannish desire for critical and subcultural respectability.

Whether **Trek** or **Who**, it unfortunately has to be noted that TV sf has generally languished in the doldrums of critical rejection as far as its 'literary' relatives are concerned. Perhaps none of us need reminding of this. However, just to raise temperatures a little, here's a lengthy and aggravating quote from Peter Wright, discussing the Virgin *New Adventures* and original BBC novels in *Foundation – The International Review of Science Fiction*, a paragon and protector of the sf-as-literature viewpoint:

"**Doctor Who** seemed always on the cusp of becoming something more aesthetically and intellectually satisfying than it was allowed to be… Hence, if **Doctor Who** bears any relationship to mainstream sf, it must surely be the negative trait of unrealised potential. The… Doctor has at his disposal the TARDIS, a machine capable of travelling to any moment in time and any point in space. It is, in effect, a metaphor for an imagination unfettered…; the TARDIS is a physical manifestation of the potential of science fiction. However, unlike science fiction, it operates – ironically – in a pocket universe, trammelled by imaginations and ideologies too narrow to enable it, or allow it, to fulfil its potential. In short, **Doctor Who** exists as science fiction's imbecile, its rudimentary intelligence a somewhat tragic counterpoint to its often brilliant and salient parent." (Wright 1999, p.78 and 95-96)

Such a view is hardly Wright's personal idiosyncrasy; one can also follow the fortunes of **Doctor Who** novels as reviewed in *Interzone* magazine, another typically staunch up-holder of the 'literary' sf vision, for whom TV sf appears to deserve lamentation rather than celebration. Here we find regular **Who** reviewer, Paul Beardsley, bemoaning the perceived failures of Who novels:

"I was keen to read this [*Quantum Archangel* by Craig Hinton] because, according to the author, it was partly inspired by Stephen Baxter's *Xeelee* stories. But hard sf is no easy option, and when the author confuses the galactic plane with the ecliptic, or tells us (twice!) that the Moon is 250 million miles from the Earth, it's glaringly obvious he doesn't quite grasp his subject… And if ever there was a story in there, it's been crowded out by the platitudes, the cod-Miltonisms, and the banal and relentless fannish references." (Beardsley 2001, p.60)

"Of course, this sort of viewpoint neglects to consider that **Doctor Who** may have played a part in nurturing the science-fictional tastes of writers of legitimate sf"

For both Wright and Beardsley, whom I am taking to be indicative of 'sf-literary' subculture, **Doctor Who** just hasn't got what it takes to be proper (i.e. 'hard') science fiction. At worst it's the science fictional family idiot, or at best the embarrassing, trying-too-hard teenager. Beardsley has, indeed, been sufficiently motivated to fire off a missive to **Doctor Who** *Magazine* asking "why read *The Infinity Doctors* when you can read a proper Stephen Baxter book?" (Beardsley 2000, p.7). Of course, this sort of viewpoint neglects to consider that **Doctor Who** may have played a part in nurturing the science-fictional tastes and interests of writers of legitimate 'hard' sf, Stephen Baxter included. And the programme's sustaining of 'proper' genre Science Fiction may not have stopped with that genre alone: Kim Newman notes in the *BFI Companion to Horror* that as "[e]ssential viewing for children of the 60s and 70s, **Doctor Who** may yet prove a major influence on British horror" (1996, p.96).

Meanwhile, the most radical of 'Rads' have sidestepped other fans' insistence on TV-centric **Who**. Lawrence Miles's stunningly revisionist views of the Whoniverse, Paul Cornell's emergence in the biblio-space of 'true' sf with the novels *Something More* and *British Summer Time*, and Lance Parkin's arguments over what should be counted as 'proper' sf (quoted in Roberts 2000, p.2) are all part of a potentially 'Rad' cultural struggle to reposition **Doctor Who** as literary rather than, or as well as, belonging to TV. These writers are entering a rather different cultural battlefield of fan debate, far from just being a 'Golden Age' *fracas* occurring between fans of a TV series. Again, there is more at stake than that. Cornell, Magrs, Miles and others have become part of a debate over the value and aesthetics of **Doctor Who** carried out between fans of 'literary' sf and fans of the television series (a number of whom have feet in both camps; personally, I've written academically for *Foundation* and have also reviewed, albeit on a one-off basis, a clutch of what I appreciatively termed 'neo-retro' Who novels for *Interzone*).

Those who attack post-1996 and pre-2005 **Doctor Who** for failing to be 'proper' science fiction in its audio and written forms are, in effect, sharing their argumentative stance with the most traditionalist of fan 'Trads'. For both groups are invested in a perception of **Doctor Who** as TV-centric rather than as televisual. For Wright and Beardsley, **Doctor Who** appears to be generally tainted by its "narrow" (read, TV) origins, just as for the Who fan 'Trads', **Doctor Who** is forever linked back to those same TV origins and dramatic cliffhanger templates.

It may begin to sound as though I'm taking sides in this three-way debate between Trads, Rads and 'proper'-sf lads. Am I implying that the 'Rads' have it right, and that **Doctor Who**'s televisuality deserves, or calls for, new re-visionings of the text that are not wholly bound to a TV-centric vision of the show? Well, yes.

And no. The 'Rads' may want to de- and reconstruct **Doctor Who** as a televisual-literary hybrid. Their bid for this new incarnation of the Doctor may well, productively and transgressively, unsettle sf-purists and **Who**-purists alike. But their 'new fan' struggle, and their separation of televisuality from TV, comes at a price. Because rewriting **Doctor Who** as part of a literary game doesn't really vanquish the 'TV sf as poor relation' belief. Even if successful, all it does is assent to the terms of cultural value that are at work in these arguments; i.e. literature = good, television = bad. Perhaps, after all, the purists have it right when they stick to their media-essentialist and TV-centric guns. The only way TV sf is ever going to be taken seriously, the only way it is going to be critiqued by knowledgeable, discerning fan cultures, and archived and dissected through projects like **IN•VISION** (of which there should be more) is for televisuality and television to be combatively and tactically fused, and combatively and tactically championed in the face of an often hostile wider culture. The making of a television drama series – both through production histories and through fan interpretations – deserves serious, critical, scholarly, and affectionate consideration. For all its iconoclasm, making popular TV valuable by making it literary (or even filmic, as does John Thornton Caldwell's notion of "televisuality" that I've used and altered here) hardly admits the place and importance of television in contemporary culture, let alone the iconic place that **Doctor Who** occupies within that television culture.

In the light of recent poll results and press releases, **Doctor Who**'s televisuality and many fans' TV-centricity look set to become ever more urgent and pressing issues in fan debate. Rather than looking forward to the return of 'proper' or 'real' **Doctor Who** as live-action TV, might we not wonder whether, in a massively changed TV industry, 2005-style television **Who** might be more alien to the Trads than Big Finish audios and Past Adventure BBC Books? Equally, might nu-Who be just a tad too populist or mass/family-audience-orientated for the lit-crit Rads? Given such question marks, perhaps what **Doctor Who** needs at this moment is not a fan culture ready to split along Trad/Rad party lines, but a fandom prepared to defend the values and the joys of *all* that televisual **Who** can be – both on and off TV, as well as within television histories and unfolding futures.

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*"**Doctor Who** has lasted 26 years and I can't see any reason why it shouldn't continue..."*

Cartoon by Nick Fisher from DWM 179: The only enemy who wasn't there was Michael Grade

"WELL JOHN, IF YOU DIDN'T ASK US ALL TO MEET YOU HERE, WHO DID?"

Back to the TARDIS

John Freeman was the editor at the helm of *Doctor Who Magazine* in that terrible year when autumn didn't come... or at least, it came without a new season. He recalls how the magazine managed to survive...

IF ONLY I'D KNOWN THE MONTHS – NO, years – of torment this comment from Peter Cregeen, then Head of BBC Drama Series, would bring to **Doctor Who** fans when I first ran it as a news story in ***Doctor Who** Magazine #156*, published in December 1989. As then editor of the show's official magazine, if only I'd had access to a TARDIS and could have run a story revealing "He's wrong you fools, and all your letter writing is a waste of a good stamp! The BBC won't be bringing the show back until 2005 because Michael Grade hates it!"

But I had no access to a TARDIS. Instead, the *DWM* team continued to wait anxiously for some sign that **Doctor Who** would resume production. Sifting through the 1990-1991 issues, the news pages are awash with vague promises from the BBC – culminating in an official statement released in August 1991, when the Corporation finally admitted it was "resting" the show. Alongside that are rumours and reports on possible independent production – including one claiming a pilot for a new series had been shot in Vienna with a new Doctor! And of course as much coverage as possible in an official magazine of various fan campaigns urging the show's return.

Although the show was in crisis, I don't think ***Doctor Who** Magazine* faced any danger of cancellation during my editorship. Sales remained strong despite the lack of a new season to help boost the title. In terms of sell through, the magazine was breaking all records – one issue sold 92 per cent of its print run, where most magazines expect only 50 per cent to remain profitable. (That kind of efficiency impresses accountants).

Thankfully, the groundwork for our magazine's enduring success had been laid well before the show hit trouble. Former editor Sheila Cranna had fought off one management attempt to cancel the magazine during the Colin Baker hiatus. (Never argue with a fiery Scot). When I became editor early in 1988, decisions I made together with the title's core contributors to make the magazine far more "fan friendly" paid off in sales terms and audience appreciation. Andrew Pixley's more detailed story archives proved a godsend. Contributors like David Howe and Gary Russell proved invaluable in bringing far more authority to the magazine. I aimed to publish at least one "unseen" photo every issue, knowing this helped sell copies.

Vital, however, was the support from the show makers. While **Doctor Who** was still being made the show's producer, John Nathan-Turner, far from despairing at my constant demands for greater access to the series' production, welcomed my enthusiasm with ideas and support, as did Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred. Series contributors from across the years continued to help shed new light on the Doctor's story.

As a new "hiatus" hit home, I believe there was one other factor in the magazine's ongoing success: the comic strip. Alongside new text fiction (including a wonderful First Doctor tale from the brilliant John Lucarotti) cracking stories from writers such as Dan Abnett, Paul Cornell and series Script Editor Andrew Cartmel brought new adventures every fan wanted – but weren't to see on TV for some time.

A dedicated team of contributors on many fronts, and the support of readers – plus some price rises! – helped the magazine through a turbulent time. Before the show went into limbo, *DWM* had already re-established itself as a definitive, must-have companion to **Doctor Who**.

By creating new adventures and celebrating all aspects of the series that inspired them, we may not have been prepared for the lack of a TV show. But the magazine survived, making it something unique in the world of licensed publishing to this day.

A Little More than Rollback and Mix

For 26 years, **Doctor Who** served as a showcase for new special effects techniques.. but things have moved on since then. **Doctor Who** has missed out on the CGI revolution. So, could it become a showcase for innovation once more? **Kevin Davies** considers the point....

SO HE'S COMING BACK TO TV, AS WE always knew he would. Already the gossip has begun, not just in **Doctor Who** fandom, but in the national papers too. And as expected, reminders of wobbly walls and wobblier spaceships are de rigueur. But of course, that's why the CD adventures are proving so popular. Any remnant cringe factor can't be down to the poor visual effects!

I was too young to recall the original Dalek Invasion of the Flying Flan Dish, but I remember being very scared by the face of a Rill. I was old enough to cringe when my family roared with laughter at the big Fendahleen, and I shuddered in the BBC studio viewing gallery as Ingrid Pitt took on the Myrka. By then I was a seasoned TV pro, but I think we probably all shuddered for the same reason!

But was **Doctor Who** really all that bad when it came to special effects? The original "radiophonic" theme tune was truly ground-breaking in its day, as were Mervyn Pinfield and Bernard Lodge's title graphics feedback patterns, but were any of the other visuals? Can a new **Doctor Who** series lead the way in this digital century?

> "There was only one special effect – the TARDIS appearing and disappearing. So they recorded the programme as live and had recording breaks for the TARDIS"

My colleagues working on the forthcoming BBC1 documentary *The Story of **Doctor Who*** have been interviewing cast and crew from the series. As far as Peter Purves, who played Steven in the mid-sixties, was concerned; "*There was only one special effect – the TARDIS appearing and disappearing. So they recorded the programme as live and had recording breaks for the TARDIS.*" This was achieved, as we all now know, with a simple video practice known as "roll back and mix".

Let's face it, as far as those pioneers of the show were concerned, it was miracle enough that they could record onto a videotape, never mind dissolve between two! Sometimes even that was denied them, and tele-recording on film had to suffice. Even the BBC's own Visual Effects team shunned the series to begin with, as Jack Kine and Bernard Wilkie used the show as a political tool to get more funding for their fledgling department. A decade later, and **Doctor Who** shared resources with **The Goodies** as the Visual Effects Department's main source of employment – and a proud showcase for the best it could achieve.

When the series first began, movies like *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957), *The Time Machine* (1960), and *Dr No* (1962) all could be said to have had an influence on the content of the stories, the style, probably the very *title* of **Doctor Who**. US television, with the likes of Irwin Allen, regularly flicked **Doctor Who** the finger, showing how model spacecraft should really be filmed (**Lost in Spce**, 1965-68), or how good optical mattes can be (**Land of the Giants**, 1968-70). Allen may have had a decent robot, but **Doctor Who** fought better monsters. Ask Joe Public, and he'll recognise the Daleks, the Cybermen, Ice Warriors and Yetis. Would he be able to name a single monster from **Lost in Space**, or even **Star Trek**, which four decades later can only offer those Johnnies-come-lately "The Borg" as recognisable opponents.

According to director Waris Hussein, the original designer of the TARDIS interior, Peter Brachacki, was pretty dismissive of his contribution to the pilot episode. However, his vacuum-formed styrene roundels in the TARDIS walls and his cylindrical perspex time rotor were an imaginative first use of two staple techniques employed for the shaping of plastic for futuristic effect. Walls and props would continue to be fashioned from these materials throughout the life of the entire series.

Jon Pertwee arrived on the scene as the BBC was growing steadily wealthier in the popular switch from black & white to the more expensive colour TV licences. This period brought both the blessing and the curse of chroma-key (or C.S.O. – Colour Separation Overlay – as the BBC preferred to call it). New producer Barry Letts was soon pushing the envelope, experimenting with blue-, green- and yellow-screen. He put shrunken scientists into lunch boxes, smashed enormous Drashigs out of package steamers and irradiated giant spiders with blue glowing crystals. Throughout the seventies, we older fans loyally suspended our disbelief as various directors made imaginative, if somewhat crude, use of C.S.O. to create large video "projections" on countless control room monitor screens. They teleported and mutated Axons hither and thither, they gave victims the glowing Green Death, and tried their best to convince us that rubbery dinosaurs were invading London.

I made the decision to work in telly in early 1972, when I was off sick, aged 10, and saw a Schools programme on daytime TV (**Television Club**, 21/22 Feb 72 – now sadly wiped!), about the making of a forthcoming **Doctor Who** story involving something called Sea Devils.

I watched both broadcasts, and drank in every detail. I was particularly fascinated by the filming of the model submarine, wreathed in smoke, with underwater lighting effects reflected from a revolving drum of crinkly foil. Years later, in 1989, working on a million-dollar commercial for Burger King in America, I spent the day at ILM (Industrial Light & Magic) watching the filming of enormous model submarines wreathed in smoke for the movie *The Hunt for Red October*. They had a crew of forty people, a motion-controlled camera and a motion-controlled boom arm from which the 30-foot models were suspended on computer-controlled cables. I was immediately reminded of that handful of dedicated guys sweating over an 18-inch submarine on the model stage in Acton, way back in 1972. Horses for courses. They were hardly in the Derek Meddings calibre, they did their best, and it was often more than adequate...

Bernard Lodge's 1974 slit-scan titles were a real innovation, using equipment and techniques picked up from *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968). Sadly, however,

that movie was still fresh in our minds as Pertwee made his first space-walk, as indeed was *Planet of the Apes* (1968) when we first saw a stuntman in an ill-fitting Ogron mask. At the cinema we marvelled at androids like Yul Brynner in *Westworld* (1973) or *Futureworld* (1976), and yet the far cheaper and simpler Autons still sufficed. My, how we boggled at Sarah-Jane's face falling off in those days before VCRs, when we had to wait a whole week to see it again and spot the edit. *Star Wars* (1977) brought us cute robots and great aliens. They'd already seen it in America when THE INVISIBLE ENEMY delivered us K-9 and, well, that huge prawn...

I was working on **The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy** series in 1980 when I looked in on a gallery-only edit session for THE LEISURE HIVE, which saw the first really stylish use of early digital video effects. The BBC technical boys were really beginning to get to grips with their first Quantel mac-hines then, as was evident in **Top of the Pops** every week. More technical innovation saw the employment of "Scene-Sync" with slave cameras in the **Doctor Who** studio for MEGLOS later that same summer.

The next major effect of note in **Doctor Who** was the staggeringly good motion-controlled shot which opened THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD season. The first episode was screened as it was broadcast to an audience of fans at Panopticon in September 1986. I'll never forget the gasps that greeted that opening shot, as we all spiralled down together behind the TARDIS into the space station. Okay, so **Battlestar Galactica** and **V** had done it earlier; but **Doctor Who** rarely managed to generate that kind of awe with its special effects. The next noteworthy time was probably the glimpse of skeleton as the soldier was exterminated in episode one of REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS (1988). It was a hint of the kind of digital paintbox work that would have followed if the series hadn't ended the following year.

As fans who grew up watching **Doctor Who**, freelancers like Susan Moore and Stephen Mansfield, and young BBC FX men Mike Tucker and Rocky Marshall enthusiastically helped push the effects frontiers in **Doctor Who** at that time. The melting face of Kane in DRAGONFIRE was achieved with a tiny portion of the budget used for similar effects in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981). The snarling, dribbling Destroyer in BATTLEFIELD cost mere pocket money compared to Tim Curry's "Darkness" mask in *Legend* (1984). Mike and Rocky's work on spacecraft and props in late eighties **Doctor Who** would be refined and developed further on **Red Dwarf**. In recent times, Mike Tucker has moved into CGI, which is obviously the way of the future. The BBC DVDs are the current **Doctor Who** showcase for some very clever digital restoration work and experimental CGI effects.

In the movies we had first seen computer graphics in *Tron* (1982) and more spectacularly, the Genesis sequence in *The Wrath of Khan* (1982). Compared to that, the CGI title sequence of 1987, and the zapping TARDIS in TIME AND THE RANI were fairly crude affairs, but only due to the expense involved. The planets in the skies above the Bannermen and the Cheetah People were beautiful examples of the subtle enhancement a skilful paintbox artist can impart. The equipment cost half a million quid back then; nowadays an amateur can produce similar effects on a personal computer.

> "As fans who grew up watching **Doctor Who**, young BBC FX men Mike Tucker and Rocky Marshall enthusiastically helped push the effects frontiers"

With **Doctor Who** gone, possibly forever, in the early nineties we had **Babylon 5** to show us what CGI could do for a television science fiction series. Later series in the **Star Trek** franchise began to ditch their model-making teams as young computer nerds took over.

The movies *Terminator 2* (1991) and *Jurassic Park* (1993) both showed where high-end digital FX would be heading. The word "Morph" slipped into common useage, beyond being Tony Hart's amusing little pal. By the time Paul McGann took the lead in **Doctor Who**: *The Movie* (1996), the snake-like "Morphant" which dived into Eric Roberts mouth was a yawn for us too. We'd seen it all before. It looked a bit like the watery tendril in *The Abyss* (1989); great in its day, but now a bit tired. The Doctor "morphing" through Grace's window was nicely done, the TARDIS ceiling was well executed, the lightshow from the Eye of Harmony was more than adequate. But that's the whole point. I'm afraid that top-notch special effects are no longer what we the audience demand; they're simply what we've come to *expect*!

Buffy, **Stargate**, **Farscape**, and others have all recently shown (on a regular basis) how make-up, costume, animatronics and CGI effects have come of age. When **Doctor Who** returns, will it set new standards in the use of video or computer technology? Probably not. Pinning CGI elements to face make-ups may help create mobile alien phizzogs, motion capture may bring us untold horrors, and perhaps we'll eventually see totally virtual avatars in major roles. But movies and TV commercials have been leading the way for some time, and probably always did. It's doubtful that new **Doctor Who** will have the budget to truly innovate. But the show will probably look the most stylish it ever has...

Russell T Davies knows how to use effects selectively – a few high-grade effects can enhance rather than detract on a modestly budgeted project. The first glimpse of "evil eyes" in his drama **The Second Coming** was absolutely chilling. He, like any true believer, knows that **Doctor Who**'s greatest, most lasting, most *special* effect of all, begins with mere words on paper – the story. I can't wait to see what comes next...!

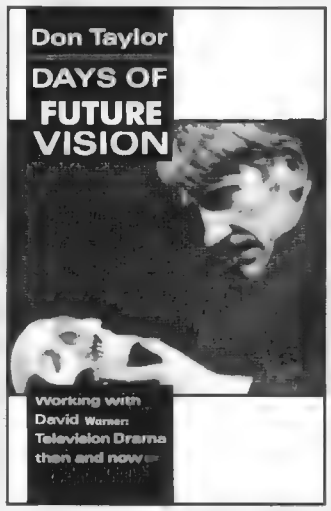
What If...

Over the course of 40 years, there were many moments when Doctor Who's history might have taken a different course. IN·VISION's writers speculate on those lost possibiltites... sometimes seriously, sometimes not.

Doctor Who had a different producer...

1963 'Sydney Newman said he had this marvellous idea for a new series, really intellectual stuff, and he'd like me to take charge of it. It was about a time traveller. What's more, he had a great title. **Doctor Who**. I weighed up the options and finally I said, "I'll do it." First I had to amend Sydney's concept into something that I could work with. He had a family series in mind, about a mad old professor and a bunch of young companions travelling in a ship disguised as a police telephone box to the French Revolution. That one went straight out of the window. I immediately grasped what the series had to be about: a lone sane man surrounded by history's insanity.

There was only one person whom, I felt, could play the ubiquitous Doctor. Luckily, David Warner (fresh from our triumph on *A Suitable Case for Treatment*) was available. David Mercer wrote the initial script, in which an amnesiac 20th Century man finds himself a trooper in the New Model Army. There were some fabulous subsequent scripts; Troy Kennedy Martin produced a socio-political piece about John Lilburne and the Levellers. I had never been even slightly interested in science fiction, but the futuristic stuff as really imaginative, like David Turner's visions of vast Orwellian futures. What we had, after a few months, were thirteen brilliant 75-minutes plays which were given a prestige Tuesday evening 9:25 slot in late 1963 by the Series and Serials department. The final script was the most radical, by a name new to television, Dennis Potter. His play, about a schizophrenic who thought he was a time traveller, completely changed the focus of the series. There were some disappointments along the way. I wanted to get John Hopkins to write for us, but he was busy with **Z Cars**... I also felt that some people within the industry just didn't understand what we were trying to do. For instance, we received an unsolicited script from one of the Hancock writers which was a generic bug-eyed monster concept, a somewhat shallow allegory of fascism that I rejected immediately.



The reviews were somewhat reserved. We got praise of the opulence of the design (a young man named Ridley Scott was largely responsible for that). However, the Tory press were on our backs almost from day one for our 'naïve socialist rhetoric.' I was moved over to the embryonic **Wednesday Play** during 1964 and Verity Lambert took over on **Doctor Who** producing, I believe, something closer to Sydney's original concept. But, the series, sadly, never seemed to find an audience that understood it and it ended later in the year. From what I understand, it's still quite fondly remembered in TV circles. Certainly, those of us who worked on it felt that we were doing something really important.'

Extract from Days of Future Vision By Don Taylor (Methuen, 1990)

*In reality... Don Taylor wonders what he might have done with **Doctor Who** on page 201 of **Days of Vision***

Huw Weldon's mum had hated the Daleks...

When John Wiles took over as producer of Doctor Who, he inherited a monster – a twelve part Dalek story produced solely because BBC1 controller Huw Wheldon's mother loved the Daleks. What if Wiles had been able to do what he wanted...

1966 Consider the main features of John Wiles' term as producer; not his ambitions but his achievements. He got a lot more girls in mini-skirts on screen. He upped the stakes for integrating the effects and a more dynamic style of directing. He widened the possible subject-matter, from outright mythology to unashamed fantasy, whilst keeping a consistent theme of war, its causes and its consequences. Finally and most importantly, although this may not have been deliberate, he took viewer-identification away from the official 'companions' and towards minor figures in each scenario or even the Doctor himself. You want to talk about 'the flexibility of the format'? John Wiles found out how flexible the audience was, let alone the show.

However, he inherited a white elephant. Fully a third of his term of office was clogged up with a three-month exercise in *Flash Gordon*-style low-budget thud'n'blunder. The blame for this has traditionally been laid at the door of Huw Weldon's Mum; I think this may be a little white lie. Weldon would never let any drop in quality go unpunished, no matter how much the audience liked it. A series from around the same time, **Vendetta**, had massive appeal, a pin-up star and a theme by John Barry, but Weldon pulled it because it was 'too ITV'. Any attempt to drag the still-popular but increasingly sophisticated **Doctor Who** into Saturday Morning Pictures territory would have faced his magisterial disdain. I suspect

therefore that some kind of trade-off was made, with incoming producer Wiles, a sound BBC man of scholarly mien, being given licence to experiment on condition that the crowd-pleasing romp THE DALEKS' MASTER PLAN (or however we punctuate it these days) as money-in-the-bank to be shown over Christmas. Had this not happened I suspect that the 65-66 run might have gone as follows:

GALAXY 4, directed by Derek Martinus. The main difference being that Maaga is shown to escape and threaten vengeance on the Doctor.

DALEK CUTAWAY; setting up a seven-parter and establishing a precedent for Doctorless stories.

THE MYTH MAKERS. Whilst entertaining enough, the story works best if you know Homer's version. For the general public's benefit, the changes made to the script would have to include Vicki and the Doctor explaining to Steven what the myths say will happen next and – as would happen in the broadcast version of THE MASSACRE – the Doctor agonising over obeying the preordained story or his conscience.

Return of the Monk, directed by Ridley Scott. Some maguffin about stealing the Doctor's ring allows something like episodes 7-11 of MASTERPLAN to be done properly, perhaps

The Second Doctor had been played as a younger Hartnell...

1968 The BBC's long-running Science Fiction show for children, **Doctor Who**, is to end after five years, the Corporation announced last night. Star Patrick Troughton has decided to leave after two years, pleading exhaustion, and the BBC has chosen not to continue the show without him, even though he's the second actor to play the role.

The series began in 1963 with William Hartnell playing the irascible Time Traveller as an elderly man, but when Hartnell fell ill Troughton took over the part. "We had all sorts of wild ideas," comments Troughton in a rare interview, "like making him a windjammer captain or a cosmic hobo, but eventually we realized the only thing I could do was play him the way Billy had, except in a younger form."

So why not change the Doctor's appearance again? "We did think about casting a third Doctor," says producer Peter Bryant, "but you've got to remember that the Doctor changed because the TARDIS rolled back time and made him younger. So we'd be looking for an actor somewhere in his twenties who you could believe was the young William Hartnell. Patrick Troughton pulled it off once, but he's an actor's actor, the sort of man who disappears into a part, and they don't grow on trees.

"Besides, it would only win the series a few more years," the producer adds. "What would we do after that? Teen Doc? Doctor Who Babies? We decied to let the series go out on a high instead."

From *The Daily Mirror*, 1968

with the TARDIS landing in an alternate 1965 or witnessing the Armada being fought off with hot-air balloons. Katerina's status as fugitive from a story which didn't really happen could allow her (and the Doctor and his fellow-countryman) to interact with the fake worlds leaving Steven as a 'ghostly' advisor: her departure being made more poignant as setting history right makes her fade from view.

MASTERPLAN, directed by Douglas Camfield. Perhaps the sub-plot about Desperus could go, and the Time Destructor killing Chen and Vyon would conclude this tale.

So far the changes are cosmetic. We can see Wiles' desire to make something experimental and the need to 'dumb down' are heading in the same direction. Yet the empire-building of Douglas Camfield, which would result in his becoming de facto producer of all stories he directed until 1970, has been nipped in the bud. Camfield's other impact on Season Three as broadcast will be important later on; as one of the few directors capable of standing up to Hartnell's tantrums he will be brought back later, once he's recovered from six weeks of Dalek malarkey.

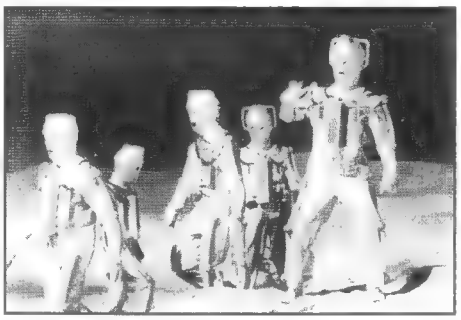
One other thing: Wiles' background was in experimental theatre. Creating odd worlds not with special effects but with language and mime was something he'd done in youth theatre projects in the 1950s, so I can't believe he was unaware of what Peter Hall was getting up to at the National Theatre.

THE ARK, more or less as broadcast but with no Dodo; her position as the Doctor's confidant is split between two crewmembers, one descended from the other, and it was the Doctor who caught a cold on Kemble. The second Dodo-surrogate has heard stories about the Doctor but they have been distorted, allowing a lot of discussion of how stories change, a theme running through this year's adventures.

THE MASSACRE. This was Donald Tosh's pet project so is unavoidably part of any Season Three we invent with this team. Wiles was never too adept at milking the show for publicity, but supposing that this function had been forced upon him from the Sixth Floor would THE MASSACRE have been made more user-friendly? Coming straight after three months of Dalek shenanigans it suffered, but a return to Earth now, after all we've seen done to history, is a welcome relief (and having a less familiar period is a bonus too; most viewers won't know if it's going "to plan" or not). More time to get John Lucarotti up to speed on the show's direction might help, although the best bits of the broadcast one were Tosh's amendations.

Faranghia, directed by Douglas Camfield. A bold experiment in which a cast of Indian actors play residents of a world like ours in which Caucasians are ignored or despised. The Doctor and Steven are unable to warn the governors that an invasion is imminent. Although the social message is a touch clumsy, Camfield's use of real Gurkhas for the battle sequences made this a well-received adventure, proving that costly sets and trick photography aren't the only way to make alien worlds. As the TARDIS leaves they find a stowaway, Bindi, a half-cast girl shunned by both communities, who decides to travel with the Doctor and Steven (comparative newcomer Felicity Kendal, last seen in *Shakespeare Wallah*, took the role whilst unaware of the nature of the series). **Blue Peter** runs a fashion piece on Saris and so-called 'Nehru' jackets (many of those in the serial were borrowed from the film *Help)*.

The Wild West, conceived as a sop to the truculent Hartnell, a comedy cowboy story but with a deadly earnest gunfight at the end. Bindi's first visit to Earth results in many comic misunderstandings, but Steven's sudden acquisition of Western lore is unconvincing. Now that Wiles has established four-part stories as the norm making this a three-parter wrong-footed many viewers.



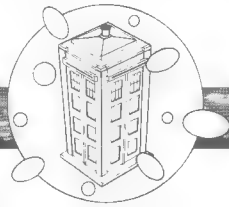
In episode-count we are at the point where Wiles and Tosh left; what we have is something recognisably the series Verity Lambert left but not the one Innes Lloyd inherited. Hartnell is being kept in line with the carrot-and-stick technique and the balance between playing up to the younger viewers' sense of wonder without lavish expenditure is maintained without having every second story set on Earth in the present day.

This is where, had he been able to stay, Wiles would have faced the departure of the star and the possibility of remaking the series into what he later said he wanted, exploiting the possibilities of Science Fiction to explore ideas and issues. The often-cited *Doctor Who Meets God* isn't really a goer, but a good indication of what was now open to him. We should note what the sister/rival series **Out of the Unknown** was attempting and where it was falling short of **Doctor Who**'s routine achievements on a fraction of the BBC2 show's resources: also worth raising is Wiles' contribution to that series later, a brainwashing/ paranoia tale (the highlight of the fourth Season) *The Man Inside*. The inability to tell truth from hallucination, introduced as a threat as long ago as THE KEYS OF MARINUS, might take **Doctor Who** into *Manchurian Candidate* territory a good year before **The Prisoner**. Lloyd and Davis tried this and made THE CELESTIAL TOYMAKER. Steven thinking he's killed the Doctor made a good cliffhanger in THE MASSACRE, but us thinking he's been 'programmed' to do it is far more unsettling. The big question is not whether the public would have accepted such radical changes as we know they later did but how far would Wiles have been prepared to gamble? Without the nerve to see off Hartnell before he became incapable of carrying on in the role (perhaps with Peter Butterworth taking over as ambiguous hero and comical bungler as Patrick Troughton did) Wiles would be the last producer. He'd know this well in advance, and plan the final year as a grand finale.

So the third year ends with the Doctor, Steven and Bindi landing in present-day London. None of them wishes to stay but Steven is left behind (opening up the possibility of a spin-off series) and Dave, a policeman (following the lead of the films) with a passing resemblance to Bobby Moore, steps aboard the TARDIS. The threat to Earth would not have been anything so mundane as the Post Office constructing wannabe Daleks but maybe a fault in time leaving our heroes out of synch, watching time-lapse flowers grow. All from stock-footage, but very effective nonetheless.

What about this final year, then? David Whitaker's two Dalek stories exploit the only un-used potential the pepper-pots had left and were as much a Lambert throwback as a Lloyd experiment – assuming the time-paradox element in the first version of EVIL is maintained this might be where the Doctor's origins are revealed and the Monk makes his last stand. Assuming also that Whitaker's hints in the first *Annual* were followed, perhaps the Doctor's quest for some final truth ends and he returns to his own people as their new leader.

In the thirty-six weeks leading up to this 'final end' Wiles and Tosh explore all the possibilities available to BBC drama circa 1966, secure in the knowledge that the viewers are expecting answers to the riddles placed before them in AN UNEARTHLY CHILD so they can do anything. You think the format was flexible in our version? What about silent episodes, stories where everyone speaks an individual language, stories told backwards so that the Doctor, Bindi and Dave are the only thing not in reverse and a story where they meet Gulliver and Blackbeard? Wiles knows he can break the rules, so the first dozen episodes cost next to nothing and most of the year's budget goes on a six month run of increasingly wild ideas. The legacy of the series in this version is not 26 more-or-less continuous years of adequate-to-dire (if curiously compelling) drama on BBC1 but 26 or more franchised versions running in different languages, each adapting to the society of the broadcasters, each stretching the limits of low-budget fantasy. At any given moment since 1968 someone, somewhere, has been making some form of **Doctor Who**.



The Doc 'imself...

Tony Hancock interviewed by Film Parade, 1969

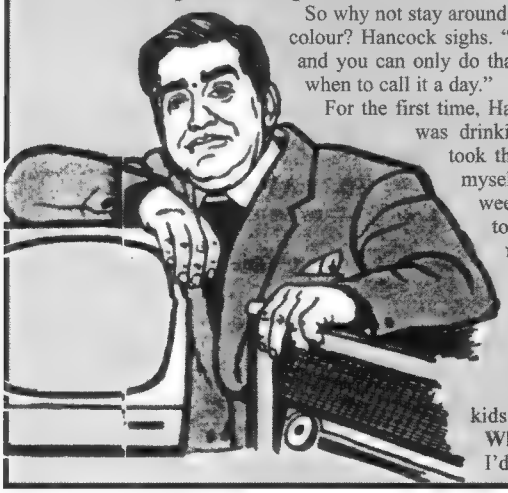
1969 When he replaced William Hartnell three years ago, few people gave the new Doctor Who more than six weeks. But the rubber-faced clown has become the hero of a generation of children, and as he gives up the role Tony Hancock admits it's given him a new lease of life.

"When they asked me to do it, I was outraged. I mean, a kid's show… Flipping kids," he jokes, quoting his old catchphrase, adding, "I couldn't say that for the last three years."

It's clear that Hancock took his role as a children's hero to heart. "It helped save me. I'd spent five years trying to top the stuff I'd done in the Fifties, and if I'd carried on like that, then." He stops short of the black joke we could both see coming. "They offered me **Doctor Who**, and the alternative was going out to Australia to do a pastiche of **Hancock's Half Hour**, and I just realized I had to do something different. Anything."

"Besides," adds Hancock. "It was my idea in the first place. Terry Nation, he nicked the Daleks off me! I'd wanted to do this big history of mankind, from the first plip to the last plop, and we were going to have these robots…"

He's joking… Nowadays, Tony Hancock's a lot more relaxed about things, and even wishes the BBC good luck with its imminent remake of **Hancock's Half Hour**. "They're not going to run the old ones again anyway, now we're going into colour. So good luck to them. Arthur Lowe's a good actor, and James Beck will make a great Sid.. so good luck to them."



So why not stay around to do **Doctor Who** in colour? Hancock sighs. "It's 40 weeks a year, and you can only do that so long. I've learnt when to call it a day."

For the first time, Hancock admits that he was drinking heavily when he took the part. "I was eating myself up, but after a few weeks, Mike and Anneke took me aside and made me realize how many people were depending on me. They were great, such good friends. It wasn't just the rest of the cast… it was the kids who'd see **Doctor Who** getting drunk that I'd be letting down."

Dalek Empire

1978 "I'm not really sure of the truth of this," says Terrance 'Terry' Nation, reclining on the sun lounger beside the pool of his palatial Beverly Hills home. "Suffice to say, it's all the hands of Paramount's lawyers, so I can't really comment," he smiles over the top of a banana daiquiri.

Nation's rise to riches is a distinctly American success story, despite the fact that both he and his creations are British. First created for the short-lived BBC science fiction series Dr Who, the Daleks have crossed the Atlantic and taken America by storm. They've consistently topped the airwaves in their ten series (or 'seasons' as they're called in LA), and made Terry Hancock's former sketch writer a multi-millionaire and a powerful force in Hollywood. Only now has the legacy of their British past come home to roost.

The Daleks have become a uniquely American icon. "After all," reasons their creator, "the Beatles stole rock'n'roll, so one could view this as a form of cultural payback." When Paramount cancelled their little-remembered **Star Trek** ten years ago, studio executives sought a quick, and cheap, replacement. "And I had one ready made. Right place, right time" says Nation. Rising on the crest of a wave of Dalekmania in the UK, he had a proven track record, and a persuasive pitch: the baddies you love to hate, battling their way across the Universe towards their ultimate goal, Earth. With an American cast, filmed in colour, and with a much higher budget than the BBC could hope to manage, it was an instant ratings success. Ironically, the series was sold back to the UK… and transmitted on ITV, effectively killing off its progenitor, **Dr Who.** "Very Oedipal," Nation laughs.

But the BBC isn't quite finished with the Daleks yet, hence Nation's edginess towards questions regarding Paramount's dispute with them. Although he retained the rights to the concept of the Daleks, the rights to their image and design – work done by BBC in-house staffers – are under dispute, and the subject of ongoing legal action between Paramount and the BBC…

Sunday Times Colour Supplement interview

The year the Doctor died...

1975 "The latest Doctor Who, Richard Hearne, died this afternoon at the age of 68. He was the fourth actor to play the role, and died mere months after the actor who created the part, William Hartnell. Until this year, Hearne had been best known for his dotty role as Mr Pastry, and his casting was a deliberate attempt to recapture Hartnell's portrayal of the Doctor.

His portrayal had proved a hit with the show's young fans, and BBC chiefs had decided to pull the next season forward to September. Hearne was mid-way through production of the show's 13th season when he died, and the series's producer insisted it was too early to think about the show's future. "We're cancelling next week's recording, and then we'll mourn Richard," said producer Phillip Hinchcliffe. "We'll think about the rest of it later."

Evening Standard, July 1975

"It was horrible," comments Phillip Hinchcliffe, as he breaks his silence on the tragedy that brought **Doctor Who** closer to cancellation than at any other time. "We could all see it coming."

"I don't know what Barry [Letts] was thinking of when he cast Richard," he continues. "Well I do… an older Doctor, paired with Sarah-Jane and Harry, it works, particularly when you've got people like Lis Sladen and Ian Marter. You could see that in the ratings. But it was obvious to us that Richard couldn't keep doing it."

"I should have persuaded him to step down after Season 12, but it's difficult to break up a winning team. If we'd replaced Richard with a younger actor, then we'd have had to get rid of Ian as well, as there would have been nothing for Harry to do. Then the ratings took off, and the BBC asked us to get the new season ready for September, so there was no time to make changes.

"I've felt guilty about that for years. We did our best to make things easy for Richard… We gave Ian and Lis the bulk of the action, and did our best to film the Doctor's scenes on location so Richard could do retakes… but you could see he was working himself to death."

After Hearne's passing came the terrible decisions about the future, and the audacious idea that secured the series's survival. "I don't think anyone but Bob [Holmes] would have had the gall to suggest it. We'd done the location work for THE ANDROID INVASION, and we'd done the scenes where the Doctor faced off with his duplicate, so Bob just said, 'Why don't we use it, and rewrite it to introduce the new Doctor in the same story?' We didn't think Richard's family would say 'yes', but they did."

The rest is history. After the first screening of PYRAMIDS OF MARS in November 1975, **Doctor Who** left the air for an unprecedented nine month break, before returning to the screen with the remounted ANDROID INVASION. It's still one of the eeriest stories ever made, as Sarah and Harry slowly realize that the Doctor is actually an android double, and go in search of their real friend… only to find that the Kraals have tortured him so severely that he's regenerated in his cell.

"It was a gamble," admits Hinchcliffe. "Apart from the accusations of bad taste, we were throwing Alan McNaughton right in at the deep end. But we pulled it off, and I don't need to tell you how he made the part his own."

From Doctor Who: A Celebration, 1983

The obvious choice...

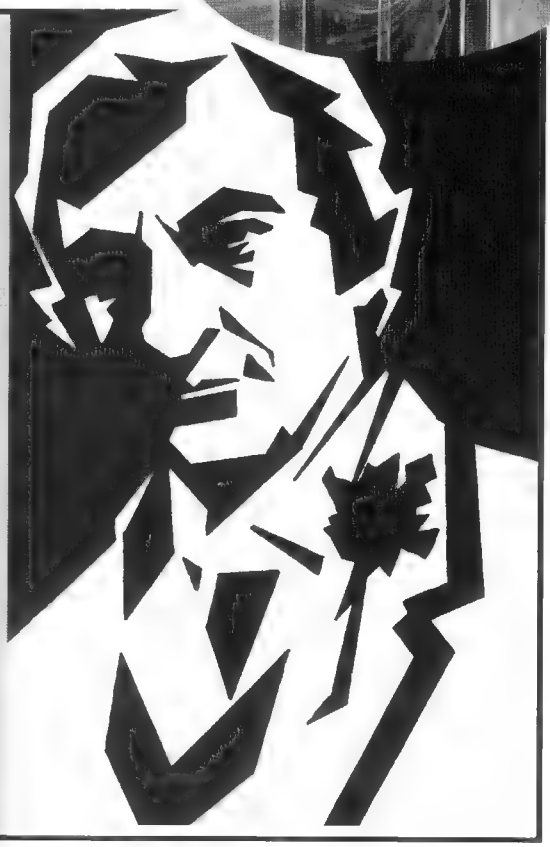
1980 The BBC have revealed who will replace Tom Baker as Doctor Who for the long-running series's 19th season. It's a little known writer who once worked with Monty Python, but whose greatest claim to fame is a short-lived but critically acclaimed radio series.

"Tom is an incredible act to follow," said producer George Gallacio. "He'd made the part his own, and for weeks I didn't have a clue who could replace him. Then I realised the perfect candidate was right under my nose... well actually, I was right under his nose."

The new Doctor will be 30-year old writer Douglas Adams, who's spent the last two years as **Doctor Who**'s script editor. He'll be the youngest Doctor yet, but his imposing 6'5" frame is a more than a match for his predecessors Tom Baker and Jon Pertwee. Until now, he was best known for an acclaimed Science Fiction comedy broadcast by Radio Four, **The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy,** which won rave reviews and a dedicated cult folllowing, but ended after a single six-week run. "By the end of it, I was burnt out. I'd had to ask a friend to help me write the final episodes," admits Adams. "They're was talk of a second run, but they needed it for a certain slot, and I'd already taken the job on **Doctor Who,** so I couldn't do them both. I mean, I thought there was a lot more to be done with it, but the powers that be didn't agree.. at least, BBC Books didn't."

Adams admits he's daunted by the switch from writing to acting, commenting that, "At Footlights, everybody seemed determined to keep me off the stage. I kept tripping over the furniture." But Gallacio insists that's just false modesty. "Douglas is the Doctor. He's this arts graduate who's in love with science. He loves gadgets – when one of our writers got a mini-computer and started using it to 'word process' his scripts, Douglas just disappeared off to Tottenham Court Road one lunchtime and came back with one. Well, we didn't get an hour's worth of work out of Douglas for a week, until he'd got the thing up and running. It's an amazing thing, it actually fits on a desk and has a 100 thousand word memory!"

But does a writer have what it takes to deliver onscreen? Gallacio shrugs. "Look at John Cleese. Look at Marty Feldman. His **Round the Horne** scripts were superb, but you just have to look at *Young Frankenstein* to see what we'd have missed out on if he'd stayed behind the typewriter. "Besides, everyone who remembers Douglas from Cambridge says he's a frustrated performer. He's going to be great. But," he adds, referring to the new Doctor's legendary clumsiness, "we might have to make the sets more sturdy."



The Dog Star

PICK OF THE WEEK: E-SPACE

It's been all change recently in the world of **Doctor Who**. Gone are Tom Baker and his mechanical mutt, K9, to be replaced by Peter Davison and a positive menagerie of younger companions. But for those of us who were heartbroken at the loss of the canine computer, help is at hand! Auntie Beeb has finally given in and granted us a new dose of doggy adventures, starting Saturday at 5.05.

The series also boasts the return of another of the good Doctor's most popular companions, the Time-Lady Romana, as played by Lalla Ward. Both left the TARDIS to help the enslaved half-human/half-lion Tharils fight back against their oppressors, and this new series sees them doing just that.

But what children around the country really want to know is, will the Doctor and K9 ever meet again? According to producer John Nathan-Turner, it seems unlikely. "Romana and K9 are actually in a different universe," he explains, "so they're not going to be bumping into the new Doctor – or any Daleks either! For the moment, at least."

Instead, with a new TARDIS and a collection of Tharil assistants, K9 and Romana will be battling against the evil Gundan robots and their mysterious masters. "It's a departure for us," says Nathan-Turner. "There's never been a spin-off like this before. But if you like **Doctor Who**, you're going to love it!"

Sarah's return

1983 The more things change, the more they stay the same. And never was this truer than when actress Elisabeth Sladen, better known as **Doctor Who**'s Sarah-Jane Smith, rejoined the TARDIS some seven years after her last trip. "I'd thought it would all be totally different," says the actress, "but the moment I stepped onto the TARDIS set, it was as though I'd never left!"

Sladen first joined the series back in 1973, just in time to see Jon Pertwee bow out of the role. She then traveled with Tom Baker's Doctor for a further two years, before opting to leave the show herself. So, after all that time, what tempted her back?

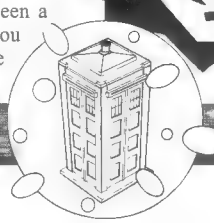
"A regular pay cheque!" she laughs. "That and the fact that John Nathan-Turner [**Doctor Who**'s producer] and I had met and got on, which I think planted the seeds of the idea in his mind. He asked me to do a spin-off two years ago, and I turned it down then... but I'd regretted it, so when he asked again..."

It's been ten years since Sladen first traveled through Time and Space, and the Doctor himself, it seems, has only gotten younger. Has Sarah-Jane changed in all that time? How will she manage with this new, much younger, Doctor?

"Well, she's certainly less subservient now," says Sladen. "She feels that she's more on an even footing with this Doctor, even if he is," she whispers conspiratorially, "seven hundred and fifty years old! I think it makes things more interesting, in a way, but it doesn't really change the dynamic of the show. At the end of the day, he's the Doctor."

Nor is Sarah-Jane's reappearance the only link with the past when the new season of **Doctor Who** starts on Monday. "The Doctor lands in Amsterdam," explains Sladen, "where Sarah is investigating a story – one that ties into an old, old enemy of the Time Lords. But more than that, I'm not telling. You'll have to tune in to find out!"

The Sun TV Magazine, 1983



He Survived the fall...

Tom Baker signs for an eighth season...

1982 CASTROVALVA. Adric, Nyssa and Tegan drag the wounded Doctor between them, back to the safety of the TARDIS. He's fragile, broken after that terrible fall from the top of the Pharos project, saving the universe one last time.

Only he's still got his boots on. Tom was persuaded to stay.

That was the wheeze behind 1993's unmade *The Dark Dimension*. Would things really have been so different? Not CASTROVALVA –the Master working his lunatic revenge on a recovering, vulnerable Doctor.

If the stories weren't much altered, the older Doctor might have improved the emotional dynamic with his companions. As it is, the cast of Season 19 are all sulky, petulant teenagers – so difficult to tell apart that the production team dyed their hair. Try writing well for that lot. Virgin and BBC Books have certainly kept away (bar a team-up with another Doctor and some short stories).

Overall Season 19 would have been funnier and wilder than it was, with John Nathan-Turner less able to refuse the old hand's ad libs. We can see Tom larking about with Richard Mace in THE VISITATION, hear how he'd play the 'small, beautiful things,' line to the Cyberleader in EARTHSHOCK (far more glib and bolshy than what we got). And maybe that would make the serious bits more shocking. Imagine Tom's terrible stare into the camera when Adric dies.

What's more, since the stories are stronger plotted and livelier than the previous year, maybe Tom wouldn't have ducked out in TIMEFLIGHT. He might have done one more. How fab to have him lead the special anniversary story we pretty much got, but giving up his life to save the day.

They could still call it THE FIVE DOCTORS.

Encounter in a car park

1984 The story goes that shortly after being cast as the Doctor, Peter Davison was accosted in a BBC car park by no less a person than his predecessor, Patrick Troughton. Troughton congratulated him on being given the best job in television, then told him not to do it for more than three years.

This story was told by Davison himself, so let us assume that it is true. As we all know, Davison took Troughton's advice and quit at what should have been the end of **Doctor Who**'s 21st season.

But suppose he'd stayed in the BBC bar a little longer, and missed his predecessor. Or perhaps he decided to ignore his advice. Davison's also said that he tried to persuade John Nathan-Turner to bring Sarah Sutton back to the series after Janet Fielding left. Perhaps he won the argument, and that persuaded him to stay, with the pair going on to develop a partnership similar to that heard in their Big Finish audios.

We would certainly have been spared THE TWIN DILEMMA. We might also have been spared the general horror of the Colin Baker era, for it is a safe bet that John Nathan-Turner would have moved on, leaving a stable series behind, and an incoming producer, would have had their mind elsewhere when the time next came.

Davison records himself as being happier with his final season than his earlier two and happiest of all with his final story. His third season is quite distinct from its two predecessors, so let us assume that this would become a template for what might have followed.

By PLANET OF FIRE Davison's Doctor was totally bereft of the cosy team which he had inherited and there were signs of much greater detachment than he had earlier shown. Season 21 had become progressively gloomier, culminating in the apparent murder of the Master and the ultra-violent gunfest that is THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI. The success of this last story may have been the precedent for the brutality of the next season. A fourth Davison season could well have been as violent as the first Colin Baker season in fact was.

What we may have watched is a similar season to the one we got, but more competently presented. It is often said that a good actor can rise above the worst of scripts. Davison is a far better actor than Colin Baker.

It is not unthinkable that at least some of the stories which comprise Colin Baker's first season could have emerged under Davison. A rematch with the Cybermen seems unlikely, but with Eric Saward's professed interest in the character of Lytton his return, even if not in ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN, is pretty much a certainty.

The most Davison-like story of the season, and indeed the least offensive of the stories as made, is probably THE MARK OF THE RANI, continuing the well-established badinage that Ainley and Davison already had going but possibly without the Rani herself. Close on its heels REVELATION OF THE DALEKS might actually have worked quite well as a rematch for the fifth Doctor and Davros. Other stories in the season are harder to call. Davison having already made THE FIVE DOCTORS it seems unlikely that time would have been wasted on a second multi-doctor story. What seems possible is that, on the basis of earlier strong stories for Davison, a further script from Chris Bidmead could have been sought.

But what happens then? Let us suppose that after this next season, under pressure perhaps from the criticism of its violence or simply because then he really did want to call it a day, Davison did at last quit. Good as the season was (better at any rate than it really was) Michael Grade still decides to give the show a rest. Davison's departure is his cue not only for this but for deciding that a fresh start is needed. He sacks John-Nathan Turner and looks around for a new producer who will cast a new Doctor and take the show in new directions.

Where to look? Had he looked within the existing team the obvious choice would be Graeme Harper, for although ANDROZANI and REVELATION were fairly high in the violence stakes, their artistic success is unquestionable.

Guessing who Harper might have cast as the Doctor is a futile exercise. What is certain, or at the very least to be hoped, is that he would not simply have appointed his first choice and called it a virtue.

Whoever he cast, it is impossible to say what the outcome would have been. The changes which followed the real Season 22 were immense and the series ended up cancelled. Considering the standards being set by new American shows in the wake of **Star Trek: The Next Generation**, it is not impossible that the series had had its day anyway.

Pick up a Penguin...

1985 Doctor Who returned to our screens last night, in the relatively new form of **The Brothers'** Colin Baker. I say 'relatively' since he's already had one story, at the tail end of last year's batch: a somewhat confusing affair that also introduced his latest companion, a wisecracking alien shapeshifter (see also **Space: 1999**!).

For those of us who were worried that a BBC budget might not stretch to an alien that can assume any form it pleases, it will have come as something of a relief when, in last night's double-length episode, Frobisher determined he was going to stay in the shape of a penguin for the foreseeable. For those of us unconvinced by the BBC's ability to effectively realize a talking penguin, it will have come as a surprise. A combination of puppetry and state-of-the-art animatronics – as well as, at one point, some deftly deployed library footage – actually succeeds pretty well. Whether the gag will hold out an entire series remains to be seen.

Colin Baker acquits himself admirably as the latest, garishly attired, incarnation of everyone's favourite Timelord, with an endearing irritability that harks back to Doctor Number One, William Hartnell. But what really marks this out as something special, in the hands of writer Steven Parkhouse, is the scale of the story. Featuring windswept Antarctic snowfields, frozen ghost ships and a lighthouse at the edge of the world, there's an aura of mystery pervading the thing that even the production's limited resources cannot dispel. Something of a wonder for the kids, we should be glad that the BBC is still making good, strong family fare like this, complete with the traditional cliffhanger. What child, seeing the Doctor menaced by a giant, golden art deco robot, would not tune in next week? All in all, it bodes well for Baker's tenure in the role.

TV review, Daily Mail 6/1/85

Postscript: "Last night, **Doctor Who** fans and comics addicts reacted furiously to the BBC's decision to end production of the 22-year-old series. "The production team had promised us a bold new approach, but they delivered self-indulgent material that had no appeal to a general audience. BBC1 is going to be top of the ratings, and this comic-book material isn't going to get us there." Asked about the flooding of the BBC switchboard, Michael Grade insisted dismissively, "It's a small bunch of fanatics, the sort of people who call comic books graphic novels."

Out!

1986 A bright new future is finally opening up for **Doctor Who** with the news that John Nathan-Turner will not be returning as the show's producer when production finally begins on the delayed Season 23. The decision to drop the failing producer was taken after DWB's 'JN-T must Go' campaign petitioned the BBC to put the show in the hands of a bright new talent who could revive its fortunes…

DWB editorial, January 1986

"**Doctor Who** fans are baying for blood after the BBC confirmed that the series would leave the air for good at the end of the month – and they want it from the show's producer, Paul Stone. "He just doesn't care," wails one fan in the fanzine DWB.

"The series was cancelled last year after its audience slumped to 5.5 million, but given a second chance with a shorter, higher budget run this autumn. Unfortunately, ratings went into a tail-spin, dropping to 3.1 million as the series dropped out of the Top 100, and the BBC has decided to pull the plug. Stone, who took over as producer for the current run, comments "It's very sad, as we put a lot of effort into finding new writers and ensuring the series stood up to **Star Wars** and the like, but it just couldn't be saved. Sometimes a show's time has just gone."

But the fans don't see it that way. As one correspondent to *DWB* puts it, the young producer "just saw **Doctor Who** as another job. So long as he's got another show to move onto, he doesn't care if it lives or dies. It would be so different if we still had someone who cared the way JN-T (former producer John Nathan-Turner) did."

The Guardian, November 1986

Season Forty, 2003

2003 It may have been forty years since the Time Lord known only as 'The Doctor' made his first in an unbroken run of appearances on BBC1, but what is 40 years to a master of Time and Space?

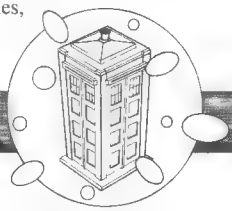
"It's a hell of a landmark," insists new incumbent Jack Davenport who first came to the series four years ago in the form of the Doctor's arch-nemesis, the Master, opposite Ian Richardson's Doctor, "but we're determined not to be weighed down by the past. Rather, we use it as a springboard to new ideas." Producer Naran Shankar concurs. "There's a legacy there, sure. You don't want to disrespect that, but nor are you beholden to it."

Now, perhaps, less than ever. With the departure of Richard Griffiths from the lead role seven years ago, the BBC sought to farm out production of **Doctor Who** to an independent company. Despite interest from Steven Spielberg's Dreamworks studio, the series was eventually allotted to Henson Studios and the production office relocated to Australia. "Basically, we convinced the BBC we could do monsters as well as muppets," says Shankar. And yet, the series retains a quintessentially British tone, with – thanks to a deal with the BBC – regular location filming in the UK. "We're extremely lucky with that," Shankar continues, "and the BBC seem very pleased with the results."

And so they should be. Since the co-production deal with Henson, **Doctor Who** has seen its production values rocket, along with sales and ratings. But if they're not beholden to the past, as they put it, how are they planning to mark a forty-year broadcasting achievement? "To the casual observer, we're not, frankly," Davenport admits. "There's no 'Ten Doctors' or anything like that. What we are doing, and I think this'll appeal to all generations of viewers, is commemorating the various genres the show has been through in its history. So, you know, there's a historical one, a monsters one, a James Bond-y one… charting the history of the show, without explicitly making a big deal of it."

"As Jack says," Shankar continues, "that's pushed us into all sorts of different directions. And it's a very eclectic show anyway. The one obvious thing we are doing is changing the titles for the UK broadcasts – they'll be 'updated' version of the old title sequences, which the BBC seemed to think would be a nice, nostalgic thing to do. The rest of the world gets last season's titles, though. There's this thing called 'brand identity' we have to consider!"

Radio Times, November 2003



Professor X 1963-2003

Entry from the Third Edition of The Guinness Book of Classic British Television

PROFESSOR X WAS ONE OF THE LAST PROJECTS initiated at ABC by Canadian producer Sydney Newman, who had previously been responsible for the science fiction adventure serials in the **Pathfinders** series. Two of the stars of these serials, Gerald Flood and Stewart Guidotti, had already been spunoff as different but fundamentally similar characters in **Plateau of Fear** and its sequels (a trick Newman also used to reformat **Police Surgeon** as **The Avengers**). Newman's secretary, Verity Lambert, had suggested that viewers might find further adventures of the anti-heroic science-fiction writer Harcourt Brown (George Coulouris) more enticing. Newman agreed and set-up **Professor X** as a vehicle for this irascible, devious and complex character. Coulouris was delighted to be offered the role, even though it would be produced on a gruelling 52-week production schedule.

On-screen **Professor X** has had more resurrections than Lazarus but off-screen the series almost failed to get into production in the first place. It faced the hostility of ABC executives, who saw it as a huge drain on drama resources. Pre-production was hit by a number of difficulties. Not the least of these was Newman's departure to become head of drama at the BBC, taking Lambert with him and leaving **Professor X** without a defender at ABC. More seriously, writers Malcolm Hulke and Eric Paice objected to the unauthorised re-use of Harcourt Brown, who was quickly revised as a completely original character whose adventures would take him not into space but also through time, into history and all kinds of matter. (Hulke and Paice later forgave ABC this lapse and wrote the ironically titled serials THE MIRROR PLANET and THE PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T REMEMBER for the series and created the much-loved – though initially sinister – semi-regular character General Carrington). It was then claimed that the series plagiarised a new puppet series, **Time Rescue,** then in pre-production at AP Films, though the claim was later withdrawn and the AP series eventually appeared without time travel elements under the more familiar title **Stormeagles Are Go!** On top of all this, the first episode broadcast was postponed to make way for news coverage of the so-called 'Dallas Miracle' of November 1963! **Professor X** eventually made his semi-networked debut on 4th January 1964.

The decision to schedule the series on Saturday evenings was a last-minute one and put it head to head with one of the first series created by Newman at the BBC – **Boys School**, which was also the first series to be produced by Verity Lambert. Though now forgotten, it was immensely popular in its day, reviving the careers of Jimmy Edwards and later Oscar nominee William Hartnell and making stars of its young leads, Dennis Waterman and Vincent Winter. Contemporary estimates suggest that the final episode, in which the previously unseen headmaster appears in the form of Sir Anthony (then plain 'Tony') Hancock – was the most-watched BBC programme of the year. **Professor X** was weird and spiky, but attracted only a cult audience for its first year. The attraction lay in Coulouris' complex performance and the shiny modernism of the production rather than the stories, with lame and forgettable plots seemingly left over from **Out of This World** or A-R's **Space Patrol**. An attempt to introduce traditional 'bug-eyed monster' type aliens into the series was a severe miscalculation and ratings plummeted. But the show was just about popular enough to keep the series going for a second 52-week block in 1965-66.

The second season went out of its way to correct the mistakes of the first, introducing a wealth of more cerebral villains for the Professor to confront. Childish monster stories like THE DEAD PLANET and THE CYBERNAUTS were phased out in favour of serials influenced by the sociological and psychological thinking of 'new wave science-fiction'. Important writers in this period were David Whitaker and Robert Holmes, who wrote many chilling classics including the co-authored **Undermind**. All the classic villains of the series date from the mid-late 1960s, including the paranoid fantasist Simon King (Jon Finch) and Magnus Hawke (Gerald Harper), the time travelling champion of an evil alternate universe where the British Empire never fell! Most memorable of all was 'the Professor's Moriarty', Doctor Y, initially introduced in John Lucarotti's THE FEATHERED SERPENT in the guide of the murderous Aztec priest Tlotoxl, but soon revealed to be a member of the Professor's own mysterious people. Patrick Troughton's flesh-creeping performance had children and adults alike hiding behind the sofa and earned the actor the *Daily Mail*'s 'Villain of the Year' award for 1965. (The character was originally to have been called 'The Master' but this plan was dropped when ABC learned that Southern were preparing an adaptation of the T.H. White novel of the same name). The series quickly made up its popularity and entered the nation's consciousness. Proof of its success came on Christmas Day 1965 when a 'cross-over' episode was broadcast in which the Professor and his friends encountered John Steed and Emma Peel from **The Avengers**!

Geoge Coulouris quit in mid 1967, when the series was at its peak of popularity. There was some talk of continuing the show without him but ABC felt that Coulouris was irreplaceable. No-one had yet considered the possibility that the Professor, as an alien, could be 'resurrected' as a different actor. But while ABC couldn't conceive of such a thing, Thames, their successor company as ITV's London weekday franchise, could.

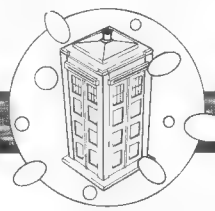
The idea of continuing the series had come from Thames producers Pamela Lonsdale and Trevor Preston. Science fiction was now back on vogue on the British TV. At the BBC the team behind 'tec show **Paul Temple** team were developing an episodic **Nightshade** series that formed part of BBC3's first night line-up, with Ron Moody replacing Edmund Trevithick in the title role. Suddenly every other British TV company wanted a piece of the action. The late 1960s and early 1970s saw the launch of AP Films' **Identified!** and LWT's **Catweazle**, **The Specials** and **Mister Zed.** Even the BBC got in on its own act with **World Force 5** and comedy-writer Terry Nation's **The Incredible Doctor Baldrick**. In the long run, however, it was the Professor who captured imagination of children and adults alike into the 1970s.

Lonsdale and Preston had spent several fruitless days trying to coax George Coulouris out of retirement before hitting on the idea of recasting the role while also providing an explanation of how the Professor could have been 'resurrected'. Lonsdale cast Jack Woolgar as the new Professor, he made his debut in the autumn of 1968 and the series never looked back. Subsequent resurrections after Woolgar's departure led to remarkable and diverse performances by Peter Wyngarde (1971-73), Aubrey Morris (1974-81), Alexei Sayle (1981-85), Ken Campbell (1985-89) and, in an audacious piece of gender-bending, Haydn Gwynne (1989-92). Also of note is Frankie Howerd's long-running series of skits on the series in his BBC3 show – some fans even consider him an 'honorary Professor'.

Lonsdale, who soon became sole producer on the series, also retooled the format, giving the Professor more distinct companions than his 1960s version. Chandos (Michael Mackenzie) and Lillian (Judy Loe) were soon making as much of an impression as Woolgar and Wyngarde's Professors. The stories were creepier than before, with PJ Hammond's contributions standing out as particularly dark. (Hammond would later create the even more esoteric Central series **Sapphire & Steel**, starring husband-wife team Tom Baker and Sarah Ward). The return of old enemies was eschewed and the series was less monster-based than before. A new, popular recurring villain was Estabis (Russell Hunter), who in a brilliant coup de theatre was revealed to be a resurrected version of Doctor Y!

Such was the revived show's popularity that some viewers began to imagine that it was all true. Just as Sherlock Holmes fans claim that Conan Doyle based his stories on the activities of a real consulting detective, so **Professor X** was claimed as being based on the adventures of a real time-travelling alien. Even Lonsdale has an anecdote that fuelled the conspiracy theorists, claiming to have met this man at a White City bar while on a visit to the BBC! 'He wasn't anything like Peter,' she told reporters. 'He was a big curly-haired man dressed in a very colourful patchwork costume. I thought he was a fan at first, but all he said was that he liked the show a lot and it was like seeing his own life being put up on the screen. I knew then I had met the real Professor!' Those who sensed conspiracy behind the series also wondered why **Professor X** was continually being disrupted by the strikes, mysterious power failures, major city evacuations and civil disruption that seemed so common in the early-mid 1970s!

Lonsdale was eased out after the 1973 series and Roger Damon Price took over as producer. Known affectionately as 'RDP', Price was essentially an old-fashioned children's producer at heart and sought to



make the series more kiddie-friendly. Chandos and Lillian were out, replaced by the younger Stephen (Peter Vaughan-Clarke) and Pauline (Pauline Quirke). Estabis/the Doctor was also gone, as RDP took over the writing and directing of the series himself. Some fans carped but others contended that serials such as **Robert's Robots** and **A Man for Emily** were among the most dramatic and adult stories ever produced for the series.

The events of this time left a nasty taste in the mouth. Script editor Philip Hinchcliffe resigned unexpectedly, explaining his dissatisfaction with RDP in a damning and controversial tell-all interview to the science-fiction magazine *New Worlds*. Price soldiered on for another year but a crisis was precipitated when Jack Woolgar also decided to quit, ostensibly for health reasons (he passed on in 1978). With Woolgar gone, the children's department decided to cancel the show. RDP's material for the abortive season eight was recycled into his new project, **The Young Gods**.

The cancellation proved brief. Price's departure coincided with yet another revival in the fortunes of science fiction, this time on the big screen. A number of high-profile sci-fi movies had gone into production around 1975/76, including *Watch the Skies!* (Steven Spielberg, US 1977), *Starbeast* (Ridley Scott, UK 1979), *Dune* (Alejandro Jodorowsky, Mexico/Italy 1978) and the three rival versions of *Flash Gordon* (George Lucas, US 1976; Nicolas Roeg, UK 1977; Federico Fellini, Italy 1978). Buoyed up by this interest, Thames commissioned their subsidiary Euston Films to produce a **Professor X** television film for the **Armchair Cinema** slot. Euston's executive producer took direct charge of the production, casting Maurice Colbourne as the latest 'iteration' of the Professor's arch-enemy, the Doctor, in the movie. The series was now back in the hands of the person who had inspired it back in 1962 – Verity Lambert!

Shown later in the evening before, it proved that **Professor X** was still as popular as ever, and Euston immediately made plans to relaunch the series as an expensive all-film venture as a counterpart to more down-to-earth productions such as **The Sweeney**. The series was still to court controversy. The 'inappropriate' appearance of comedy duo **Bartholomew and Wiseman** as themselves in one 1978 episode (payback for Aubrey Morris' appearance in one of their Christmas specials) was a trifling matter. More serious was the allegedly political suppression of Troy Kennedy Martin's excellent script MAGNOX by ITV supremo John Birt.

These did little to dent **Professor X**'s popularity. For well over a decade it was to remain a staple of Saturday night viewing across the country. As before, the Professor was accompanied on his travels by memorable companions such as Marmalade Atkins (Charlotte Coleman), Carlotta Mills (Joanne Whalley) and Linda Day (Julia Sawalha). Most controversial was Minty (Siri Neal), who first appeared in the Helen Cresswell-scripted serial DEVIL'S CHILD (1988) and later made tabloid headlines with her topless scenes in ATTACK OF THE CLONES (1992), one of the last stories to be filmed. The stories too were of as high a standard as ever (fan favourites of the 1980s include SEALED ORDERS, TIME-LASH and BOOGIE OUTLAWS) – certainly enough to see off BBC competition like **Tarrant's 7**.

As the Professor is fond of saying, 'Nothing lasts forever', and inevitably the series' star faded. By the early 1990s it was losing viewers and some critics thought it was only being kept alive at the indulgence of Thames executives who remembered it from their childhoods! The crunch came when Thames lost their ITV franchise at the end of 1992 and it was decided to send Gwynne's Professor off on her final journey. Some at ITV, including the unofficial head of the service, Greg Dyke, argued for Thames' successor Carlton to recommission the series, but this was vetoed by incoming Carlton drama chief Jonathan Powell. It was to be the beginning of a long and vociferous fan campaign to reinstate the series.

Hope flared in 1995 when the acclaimed comics writer Neil Gaiman was commissioned to write a new six-part story titled UNDERGROUND. Paterson Joseph, now best known as the star of the BBC's thrice-weekly soap **Casualty**, was cast as the Professor and Peter Capaldi, one-time president of the Peter Wyngarde Fanclub, would play Doctor Y. 'I see them both as fallen angels,' Gaiman was quoted as saying. The fans' frenzied speculation proved premature when the revival was cancelled in pre-production. It was an ugly time – rumours circulated that RDP had been instrumental in the cancellation in order to clear the way for a short-lived revival of **The Young Gods**. Whatever the truth of the matter, Carlton had missed their chance to ride on the coat-tails of the US sf boom precipitated by popular shows such as **Mulder and Scully: Adventures in the Paranormal** (UK title: **Adventures in the Paranormal**) and **Lost in Space: The Next Generation** (whose authoritative British lead, Peter Moffat, would have made an exceptional Professor!)

At the time of writing, it seems that the US may well be the Professor's best chance of salvation, ironically given that America is one of the few countries in the world never to have seen the original series! It's reported that an American pilot version of the series has entered production for Warner Bros. Prime Time Network, the result of a seven year battle by executive producer and life-long fan J. Michael Straczynski. The pilot will air on PTN on 31st December 1999 and will star David Hyde-Pierce as the Professor. Disquiet at the casting of an American – the fans' choice was Sean Bean – has given way to even more shocking news: the pilot is being co-produced by the BBC and the story will introduce us to the Professor's 'grand-daughter'!

Speculations by Ben Woodhams (1978, 1981, 1983, 1985, 2003), Tat Wood (1966), Keith Topping (1963), Daniel O'Mahony (1963-2003), Simon Guerrier (1982), Nicole Fisher (1984) and Anthony Brown (1968, 1969, 1975, 1980, 1986)

THAT WAS IN·VISION

THAT WAS 1980 to 2003

The CMS Doctor Who Reference Project has reached journey's end (for now...). Publisher Jeremy Bentham goes back in search of space and times remembered.

AS RUSSELL WATSON HAS SO OFTEN voiced, "It's been a long time, getting from there to here …" And for so many of us here at the fandom end of the **Doctor Who** universe it's been quite an enterprise as well: charting the life and times of a television drama series that has no peer in any other medium or form of fiction.

Elsewhere in this issue Andrew Pixley has correctly summed up why so many people over so many years have devoted hours of their time, oodles of their talent and so much sheer unadulterated blood, sweat and tears towards bringing into being a magazine that has stood proudly on news shelves for almost as long as its contemporary, and far more commercially successful, partner in crime, ***Doctor Who Magazine***. Quite simply, it's because **Doctor Who** is so bloody brilliant.

Think about it. Since the earliest serials it has impressed and inspired so many who sat down to watch it. Those under-tens of 1963 did indeed hide behind sofas as armoured machines glided into view, blazing screens into stark negative as they gunned down their victims. It dared to terrify children – not through gore and violence (well, not often anyway…), but through tension, suspense and knowledge of how to make the flesh creep.

How many other youthful arms pounded chair arms in frustration as end titles rolled moments after a Mongol warlord had emerged from the shadows, sliding an arm around Susan's neck, cutting off her retreat from the beckoning safety of the TARDIS? Could we bear the suspense for a whole seven days?

Well, yes we did, and continued to do so week in and week out. Each year brought new converts and each year BBC Audience research units monitored, I suspect with some smirks of pride, how their modest Saturday series was netting as many adult viewers as the child and teen audiences it was originally designed to attract.

And those children grew up, many of them just bursting at the seams to tell other like minded souls why **Doctor Who** was so bloody brilliant. It might never have happened, had the show gone into further decline following the less than sparkling end to Patrick Troughton's troubled final year. But as the Seventies settled into their swing, so **Doctor Who** gained a new lease of life, climbing back into public affections with Jon Pertwee, and then into stellar heights with the arrival of Tom Baker.

Ah, Tom Baker, Elisabeth Sladen, Ian Marter, Philip Hinchcliffe and Robert Holmes. Each one a magician's rabbit out of hat seemingly chock full of talent. Merchandisers knew it was popular again when sales figures bore witness to armies of the nation's youth swilling gallons of Ty-Phoo Tea or troughing down platefuls

DOCTOR WHO
SERIAL A
AN UNEARTHLY CHILD
BY ANTHONY COBURN
An Adventure in Space & Time
I CAN'T LET YOU GO, SCHOOLMASTER . . .
. . YOU AND YOUR COMPANION WOULD BE FOOTPRINTS IN A TIME YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO WALK. . . .
THE MOONBASE
DOCTOR WHO
AN ADVENTURE IN SPACE & TIME
CODE: HH.
Kit Pedler

IT'S THE END

of Weetabix in pursuit of collectible photo-cards or colourful stand-up figures. You had to be there …

And I have to put my hand up and admit I was there – hopelessly scouring tea packets and cereal boxes in search of addiction fixes that left even garden starlings wretching at the prospect of yet another morning dose of discarded Weetabix biscuits. How many others were there, I wonder, who wanted to stand up, state their names, and admit publicly their incurable fascination with a weekly, half-hour drama series? I suspect a lot, maybe even a lot more than the heady days of America's mass-sampling of the Doctor's wares. But you couldn't do that. Not at first. There were ears to hear but no lungs to help enable voices to be heard.

Grudgingly one has to admit that **Star Trek** got there first in terms of evolving fans - a word first coined by Hollywood for those who blindly adored movie idols – into fandom: a convergence of fans but incorporating those with a burning wish to feed back some tangible expressions of their faith. **Star Trek** fans first bonded in the late Sixties, reportedly saved their show from cancellation before its third season, and went on to structure and stage the cult TV and film gatherings that we know today as 'media S/F conventions'. British 'Trekkers' brought the concept to the UK in the early Seventies, but Who's growing legions of followers cottoned on soon after, and by 1977 Who fan conventions, fanzines, fan forums and fan-to-fan products were an established part of the media cult S/F scene.

Now hands up everyone who ever bought an early ***Doctor Who*** Appreciation Society story synopsis. My God, there are a few of you still left. For those of you ignorant of life before Bill Gates, desk-top publishing, the internet and microchip technology, an early DWAS synopsis was a two-page document, produced with a non-electric typewriter, illustrated with pictures cut from newspaper articles, and mass produced using photocopiers that churned out pale-grey reproductions onto wet sheets of paper that stank like dissected dogfish in an A-level biology class. And for one of those you had to cough-up five pence.

Amazingly many hundreds of ardent **Doctor Who** fans did just that between 1976 and 1980. But then, it was a simpler world. In those days questions to the pre-Matrix Data Bank age DWAS Reference Department went along the lines of, "Please list all the William Hartnell individual episode titles", "Where and when was Pyramids of Mars filmed?", "What story introduced the sonic screwdriver?" and "How many times has the Doctor said 'Reverse the polarity'?" I will admit to answering all but the last of those.

Three things then happened in 1979 that shifted the paradigm somewhat. Firstly, Marvel Comics launched ***Doctor Who Weekly***. Secondly, Yours Truly believed the spiel that there wouldn't be too much work involved and moved on from the Reference Department to look after the feature article side of this fledgling publication. And thirdly, fans started to become jaded with contemporary episodes of **Doctor Who** on TV - particularly those Graham Williams "it's mid-season, the money's almost gone but we've still got to crank out 14 more episodes" examples. Fans were already looking forwards and backwards for supposed golden ages.

> "Dissatisfied with the broad canvas, present day-focused nature of ***Doctor Who*** *Weekly*, they proposed something far more in-depth"

A few such bounty hunters were Paul Mount, Gary Hopkins and Tim Robins, producers of the succinctly-titled fanzine, ***Doctor Who Review***. Dissatisfied with the broad canvas, present day-focused nature of ***Doctor Who*** *Weekly* and the pungently aromatic synopses from DWAS (actually 'dry' photocopiers had arrived by then), they proposed something far more in-depth and analytical than had ever been done before. Gary Hopkins takes up the story.

"Several ideas were mooted as to how this could be done, a popular one being that it should take the form of a book with each chapter dealing with one specific aspect of **Doctor Who**. Problems of time and energy, not to mention the cash-flow situation, invalidated this idea almost from the word 'go'. However, the prospect of revealing all that there was to know about those early serials appealed greatly, and there was felt to be a definite market for such a venture.

"Next came the problem of finding a catchy title. Suggestions ranged from the banal (' The Early Days of Doctor Who') and the intriguing 'William Hartnell Omnibus' ('WHO', get it?) to the downright absurd, 'Doctor Who Man, Myth or Monster). In any event ***Doctor Who*** – An Adventure in Time and Space had a certain ring to it, but we actually modified the wording to give it that little, "Je ne sais quoi…" (Actually it was just cribbed from *Radio Times* editions of the day."

The very first issue, *An Unearthly Child* was published on 10 May 1980 at the annual DWAS social event at Blackpool – in days when that town still had a thriving **Doctor Who** exhibition. It was twelve pages long, each page painstaking produced on a typewriter, with photographs nicked from other magazines, and assembled with generous helpings of 'Spraymount', 'Tippex' and the wonders of high-speed Xerography. That first edition had three other ingredients as well; a pool of researched material, several engagingly written feature articles, and two superb pieces of artwork from **Doctor Who** fan art pioneer, Stuart Glazebrook.

Over the years many would-be contributors have written in asking to see a style guide or format notes on how to write, produce artwork or supply archive material for **IN·VISION** or *Space and Time*. Well, the blunt answer is, there never were any formal instructions on how to contribute content. Whatever rules and principles

that were followed throughout its 23-year history evolved by gradual tacit agreement rather than through any hectoring by the six editors.

Actually, that is a bit of a lie. There were a couple of strongly held beliefs, the main one being that nobody ever set out to make a bad **Doctor Who**. Everyone from the guy who bashed out a script to the person who spooled the finished transmission prints was doing a professional job with the aim of producing a programme that would keep viewers watching BBC1. Yes, we would not shy from pointing out the faults, foibles and faux-pas that sometimes crept in, but never, I hope, in a manner that was sneering towards all that hard work the BBC, and others (let's not forget the film makers, the spoof producers and the commercial entrepreneurs) have put into making **Doctor Who** much more than just a little half-hour, weekly serial.

One other tenet was, and is, a great love of **Doctor Who** artwork. At its best art visualises feelings, emotions and expressions that words struggle to achieve unless you have the luxury of academic tome page counts. We don't, and thus the burden has so often fallen on the artists to delve down and extract the core components of each story, and then make them eye-catching and engaging. And just look at how they have succeeded – from the most lavish cover illustrations to the cheekiest column graphic. All are gems, some of them quite breathtaking for how they have tapped into the writer or the Director's imaginations to extrapolate their visions further.

> "There were a couple of strongly held beliefs, the main one being that nobody ever set out to make a bad **Doctor Who.** We would not shy from pointing out the faults, but..."

Space & Time's purpose was indeed to try and celebrate all that appealed about those early serials. We did this largely by plucking out sections of scripts that we liked, publishing reviews that concentrated on key aspects, analysing how some of the television trickery was done and, more as the years went on, soliciting help from the BBC's wonderful, and much missed, script unit. We even became brave enough to start talking to many of the people who brought **Doctor Who** onto the air waves.

But there was only so much that *Space and Time* could achieve, even with the greater eye for layout and attention to detail that Stephen James Walker insisted upon during his tenure in the editor hot seat. ***Doctor Who*** *Magazine* was well on its way to becoming the slick cornerstone of all things Who that it is today, desk-top publishing was becoming affordable to the home computer user, and as letters from readers made obvious, there was a far greater hunger for knowledge about the programme's background and production history than could be satisfied with a typewriter originated product.

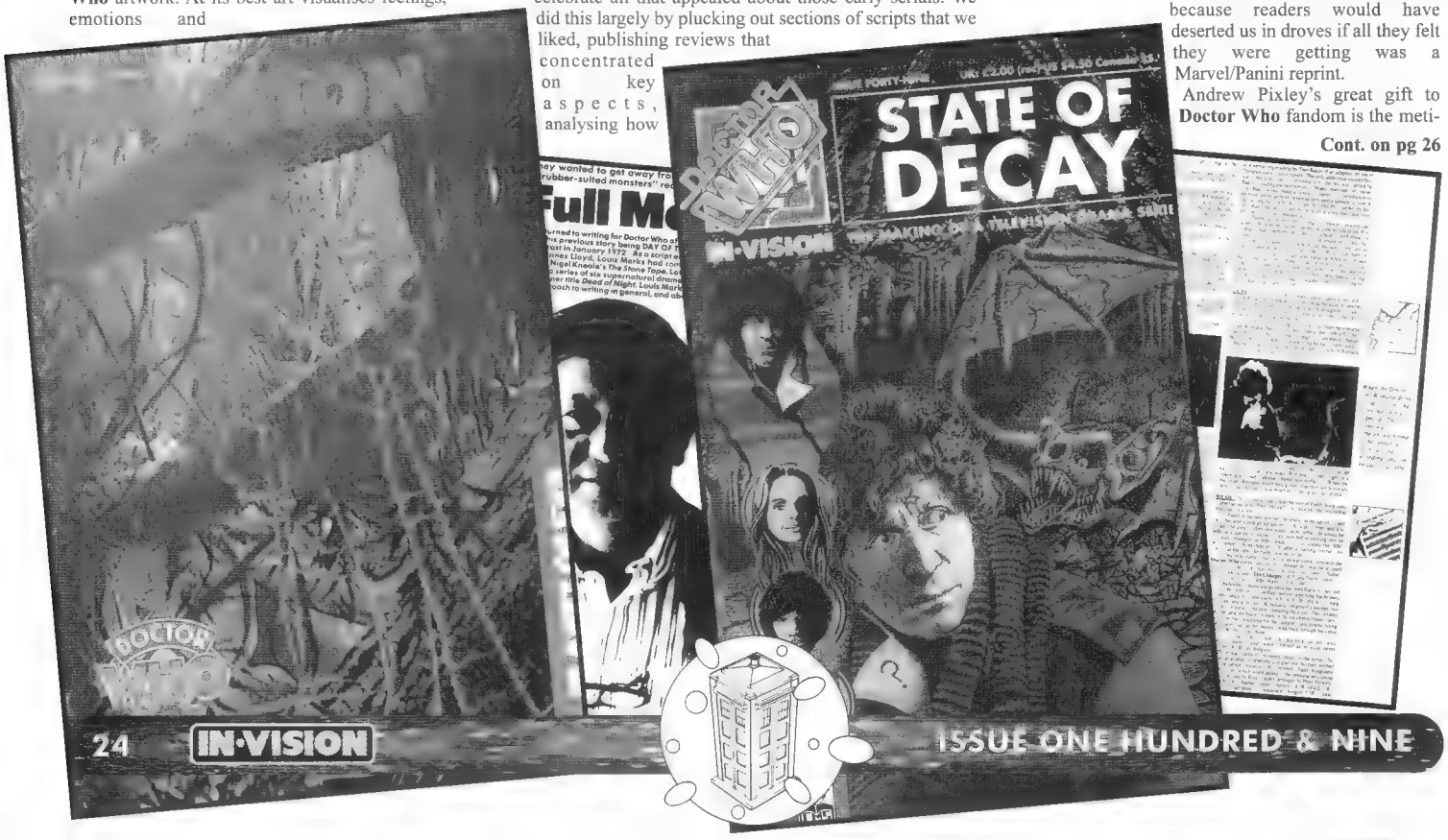
The magazine format of **IN•VISION**, devised by Peter Anghelides and Justin Richards in January 1986, enabled so much more to be done with a reference focused magazine. For a start we were no longer constrained by having to squash all the technical and production notes into just two pages. Full litho printing and reprographic typesetting enabled smaller type sizes to be used, which in turn meant being able to list in full all the references, related source material and other topics of interest so painstakingly researched and compiled by one of fandom's most unsung superstar archivists. Martin Wiggins. How many writers and researchers have had their tasks made so much easier by having that one-stop-shop for references available to them, I wonder.

One feature neither CMS publication has ever been able to incorporate is a letter's page – a shame because we have had many cracking items of correspondence. Pressures of time have precluded being to do as many personal replies as I might like, but there is one set of questions I would like to get tidied up before the end. There is not, and never has been, any rivalry between ourselves and ***Doctor Who*** Magazine. Quite the reverse in fact. We owe many debts to Clayton Hickman and his illustrious predecessors for their support and contributions, sometimes at horrifically short notice. It is purely a co-incidence of timing – and the fact that the cupboard was running bare of uncovered material – that **IN•VISION**'s radar was on shows like THE CURSE OF FATAL DEATH, the TV movie or 30 Years in the TARDIS just as *DWM* was concluding its archival coverage and wrapping up the stragglers.

And that brings us to the difference between *DWM's* coverage of **Doctor Who** in production and our own. It would have been all too easy just to plough through all the excellent documentation produced for *DWM* by **Doctor Who**'s number one research ferret, Andrew Pixley, and just reword it. But that would not have worked, not least because readers would have deserted us in droves if all they felt they were getting was a Marvel/Panini reprint.

Andrew Pixley's great gift to **Doctor Who** fandom is the meti-

Cont. on pg 26



Free at last!

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN READING JEREMY'S of **IN·VISION** and its predecessors, and now I'm about to rain on the parade with the jaundiced version. There's a reason for this. It's that this particular piece is being written in the small hours of a Friday night, by a man who's got 48 hours to finish the final (?) edition of **IN·VISION**, and is due to have his jaw pumped full of anaesthetic by a dentist tomorrow lunchtime. This could just be the longest 48 hours of ... since the last **IN·VISION**. On the whole, I'd sooner be in Sunnydale.. or watching Sunnydale.

That's the thing about **IN·VISION**. It isn't a fanzine, and it isn't a job. It may be an obsession. Everyone who contributes to **IN·VISION** – writers, artists and researchers - does it for free, which deprives the self-respecting editor of the ultimate sanction when the deadline looms; 'Do it or you won't get paid'. We're reliant on goodwill, and amazingly everyone delivers, 99% of the time.

In short, **IN·VISION** is what literary Science Fiction fans sometimes call a *prozine*, a magazine produced out of love but with professional printing standards (and hopefully, professional proofing standards... though we often fall down on that one). It's a term which has rather dropped out of use, desktop publishing has eroded the distinction between a typed, photocopied fanzine and a professionally printed publication, and the news-stands since the debut of Starburst, leaving only the likes of *Interzone* in the limbo in between. But nevertheless, that's what we are.

From the deadline point of view, it's a awful hybrid of the worst aspects of both. Because of the size of **IN·VISION**'s print run, it has to hit a distributors' delivery date set at the start of the year. Yet it's still a fanzine, because it's put together entirely in the contributors' and editors' spare time. And if illness, overtime at work or a friend's wedding get slotted into the crucial weekend in before the deadline in the meantime, then that's just tough luck. It's deep depression time as that delivery deadline has to be met... and nowadays we always do. Within a week or so.

But things get lost in the works. When I took over **IN·VISION**, I had the enthusiasm and arrogance of someone who'd looked at his predecessor's issues and knew what needed to be done to make it better. By KINDA, I'd learnt why that couldn't be done, and I'm now the first to admit a number of things of which I am heartily ashamed. Issues through to 14 always a problem, and I'm quite proud that it hasn't happened since. The Video on the Web. We lost the cover art from issue 20 because the artist was having to work double shifts to compensate for a burglary at his day-job, which had walked off with the entire computer network. How was the transfer of the 'great cover file', where I store between two hundred photographic covers on the hard of a floppy disc... and just about we needed duplicating the cover *Doctor Who* Magazine had chosen to steal from our archive, which was in the process of being transferred from one computer to another. Then there was the issue that went through thanks to the first bouts of Phil Bevan's illness.

It would be difficult to underestimate the effect Phil Bevan's illness, and his death in 1998, had on **IN·VISION**. His last contribution appeared in THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI, but the irreplacable loss was the soul of the magazine's look... an approach to artwork other artists felt challenged to match. Since then, we've been priveleged to impose impossible deadlines on some superb artists, particularly Steve Caldwell (the only man who can truly capture Sarah Sutton and Peter Davison with his brush), Pete Wallbank (whose covers shine out thanks to the printing tips he sends to the repro-plant), and Johnny Waudby (a master of the last-minute commsssion), not to mention Chris Senior's brilliant internal art... There are many more who deserve a mention, but I know they won't be offended when I say that Phil left a gap that could never be filled.

[illegible] moved to Leeds to be nearer to his family. Only the task of finding a new job in the MOD, that takes a new job in East Yorkshire, wasn't capricious enough, had another impact on **IN·VISION** as it had already to do. Borderlines becoming very the more urgent issues in the more

One issue I was on about was simply too much for the environment around to [illegible] background we'd never have mentioned, but which changed your perception of the character. After all, as I commented [illegible] "What" the realm of a story where a Cyberman walks among alien frogs, and in the last line we discover his name's Lin Futter. Who else could he be in a story in the FOUR TO DOOMSDAY [illegible]? Instead of such fill-the-gaps tales, we got delights like Gareth Roberts's tale in FOUR TO DOOMSDAY, and Andy Lane's Bertie Wooster piece in [illegible]. I'm not sure that the long gone my ends [illegible] and [illegible] I was some [illegible], that [illegible] not, and, of course, the arrival of the virgin [illegible] and the [illegible] take the best of my mood there were [illegible] five tales to tell, as they'd been cast to [illegible] the original authors, and to the [illegible].

One year on, I wrestled [illegible] and to herald [illegible] I look at some of its [illegible]. The contributors are [illegible] issue [illegible], but I definitely wasn't... so I didn't have enough [illegible] around the point, I couldn't [illegible] [illegible] about the [illegible] of the Visitor that [illegible] me to the core... [illegible] response. I [illegible] and really [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The Curious Adventures... but by then, I'd asked [illegible] to [illegible] the next issue of Sarah Sutton the [illegible]. I'd become so [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] Nathan Turner – a man who [illegible] to do his best in spite of [illegible].

Another [illegible] and another move, and the [illegible] issues to [illegible] the [illegible] of Doctor Who and **IN·VISION**... and over the last three seasons that's meant [illegible] a love of the later Mac programs which I didn't feel when they first went out. Andrew Cartmel in particular was particularly nice to someone who'd been rather unpleasant about him in the early 1990s! At the same time, we put in place a plan [illegible] for the Mac's [illegible] [illegible] a campaign Cartmel [illegible] had suggested for the Colin Baker years.

In the meantime, early issues were [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Bloody Brilliant!

Andrew Pixley enthuses...
Normal research wil be resumed in other magazines...

FOR THE FINAL ISSUE OF WHAT IS CERTAINLY the most important venture in the history of **Doctor Who** fan publishing, Jeremy asked for about up to a thousand words on something which I felt was "important" for the final issue. Something which I really wanted to "sound off" about. And here I am, two or three false starts later, still trying to understand what that "important" thing is.

At first, it was going to be about how one person in a key position held total power to either making things happen or – more importantly – stopping things happening. And then I felt quite strongly that something needed to be said about the fragmentation of the current merchandise market because of its increasingly diverse and incompatible strands of fiction. But these are just two tiny elements of a very big picture – and maybe I'm only realizing that it's the very big picture that is far more important than these fine points of detail.

I've just finished watching all of **Doctor Who** – the television series – with my wife. Three years it's taken us, savouring and enjoying one episode over the evening meal, Monday to Friday. Just one a day – so that we can really appreciate the cliff-hangers and the rhythm of the piece, rather than gorging ourselves on our favourite dishes from the vast and eclectic menu on offer. And, you know what? It's bloody brilliant!

To paraphrase Lew Grade ... **Doctor Who** is great. Some of it is very, very bad, but it's all great. And watching the show through again in this way has reminded me of why it's so wonderful. It's a fantastic adventure which changes and mutates its style, moving with the times, reflecting attitudes and technology of the era in which it was made, but all tied up with a sort of magic. And, as we travel along with the Doctor, we are allowed to share more and more in the jokes and his own personal knowledge – at times almost to the exclusion of outsiders.

By moving through the video canon in this manner, there've been many titles dusted down and pulled off the shelf for the first time in years that would most likely have remained where they were from choice. Some have emerged like forgotten gems, and when seen in their original context blossom with an astounding force of character and vision. And, just as a strand of tales starts to stagnate or become repetitive, a change in style is normally lying just around the corner. When a character or foe makes a reappearance after a gap of some time, the warm glow of renewing acquaintances with an old friend bathed the lounge. And, likewise, a chill descended on the more sombre notes when another chapter closed with a tearful departure or a shocking tragedy.

To have a show that can so wonderfully hold the attention is a real blessing. We've seen it mix genres, blending Arthurian legend with meta-SF, repression with the taxation system, space opera and westerns, myths with history, comedy with horror, politics with humour, and thriller with fantasy. Even when it doesn't work, there seems to be such effort put behind delivering a product, whatever the circumstances – and even if the concept seems badly misguided, there is always a trace which still reminds that the intentions were for the best, usually defeated by the twin evils of time and money.

And for me, it was wonderful to just get caught up in the adventures again. To appreciate the character work and the atmosphere and the comic asides and the frisson of excitement which I would recall from my childhood when a sound effect heralded impending danger, or the half-lit, previously-glimpsed creature finally emerged from the shadows. I wasn't having to count extras, or check shot numbers, or annotate scripts, or time music cues, or freeze-frame to read background detail or any of the research trappings which had consumed me in 15 years of Archives for ***DW****M*.

So – what's the most important thing I'd like sound off about? Simply, in addition to all the wonderful work in writing and recording and performing and drawing and analysing and cataloguing and collecting... let's spare some time to watch the show and really enjoy it. The big picture. The biggest picture in town. After all, **Doctor Who** is bloody brilliant!

Cont. from pg 24

ulousness of his research. If you want to read every detail about a script change, a post-production edit, running-lengths or in-site scheduling changes, they are there in the Archives. And rightfully so. Where we seem to have scored brownie points among our two and a half thousand readership is in covering **Doctor Who** from the human angle. People make television. Television is a complex entity to create. Creation inevitably throws up problems and difficulties, and our fascination has always been with how people have solved those difficulties and problems. Nearly all of **Doctor Who**'s Producers have identified the programme as the most technically demanding in BBC history, and telling those stories of how the demand was met and setbacks were overcome remains the most thing **IN·VISION** ever did.

Indeed, while we were all unanimous (very unanimous...) about not going back to AN UNEARTHLY CHILD and starting again after this issue's publication, one regret is that our most popular regular feature, the Production Diary entries, was conceived and developed by current editor Anthony Brown so late in the history of the CMS reference project. Charting the day-by-day saga of how **Doctor Who** came to live its remarkable life would be a magnificent challenge – for another generation of writers and researchers!

It would be far too pompous to claim that **IN·VISION**'s legacy was that it educated, informed and entertained in its telling of the **Doctor Who** story. Overall, to borrow from THE TIME WARRIOR, we remained very serious about what we did, not necessarily about how we did it.

Perhaps the biggest achievement of all is that we got there, from the show's pilot episode to the 1996 TV movie and beyond. Way back at the beginning the first review of ***Space and Time***, which appeared in *Ark in Space* fanzine, queried if we would be capable of making coverage of subsequent episodes as lively as *An Unearthly Child* had been. The writer assumed issue two would be *The Cave of Skulls*, issue three *The Forest of Fear*, and so on. By that metric we would now be somewhere nearing the end of the Troughton era. Even Gary Hopkins had some doubts when he penned a potted history of the publication in 1982.

"The first two years have certainly been very interesting, even if the future is far from certain. But, with the support and enthusiasm of its readers, at least it does have a future. There's no reason why it shouldn't eventually cover the adventures of Peter Davison's Doctor – provided we can all wait that long."

Well, you did wait, and it is quite amazing to see so many names on the subscription list now who were there nearly a quarter of a century ago as well. You've made this voyage possible as much as the contributors have. I wish we could print all the letters and messages that have come in, especially recently, about the project, but I'll choose just one that, I think, is meant for each and every person who ever contributed to *Space and Time* or **IN·VISION**.

"Congratulations on a wonderful run. I have been collecting since the beginning and they have all added enormously to my enjoyment and knowledge of **Doctor Who**." (Richard Harris. Little Milton, Oxford)

And that, in a nutshell, is all that we ever wanted to do.

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CHECKLIST 17

The collected reference works
dates of first publication:
April 2002 to October 2003

 # 101 - serial 7N - Apr 2002
Cover art: Johnny Waudby

Ben Aaronovitch's original storyline printed in full, plus creating the Destroyer. Extensive photo coverage of 'Battlefield' on location and Jim Smith on why children loved it.

 # 102 - serial 7Q - May 2002
Cover art: Pete Wallbank

An extended Production piece to cover the making of the last BBC-based Doctor Who. Plus Mark Ayres knows the score, Mike Tucker in husky tones, and Dave Owen applauds.

 # 103 - serial 7M - Aug 2002
Cover art: Johnny Waudby

Ian Briggs casts the runes while Stephen James Walker considers if 'Fenric' could have been a pilot for the future. Lots of location pix and the secrets of making a Haemovore.

 # 104 - serial 7P - Sep 2002
Cover art: Sean Ditchfield

The game of chess concludes and 'Survival's original ending is unfurled. Anthony Brown on how Doctor Who quit the stage in poetic triumph, and Daniel O'Mahony lets the tea go cold

 # 105 - series 26 - Dec 2002
Cover art: Johnny Waudby

That was 1989 that was and 'The Ultimate Adventure' goes under the spotlight. Lost moments from 'Ghost Light', David Saunders remembers JNT, and Who leaves BBC TV.

 # 106 - CFD 99 - Feb 2003
Cover art: Johnny Waudby

Anniversary celebrations galore with the focus of 'Curse of Fatal Death', 'Dimensions in Time' and those 1993 five-minute shorts. Tat Wood on the greatest spoof of all...

 # 107 - 30 Years - May 2003
Cover art: Johnny Waudby

John Freeman talks to Andrew Cartmel, John Bowman visits BSB, and Kevin Davies trails the trials of '30 Years'. There's Who on the radio and that was 1990 to 1995 that was.

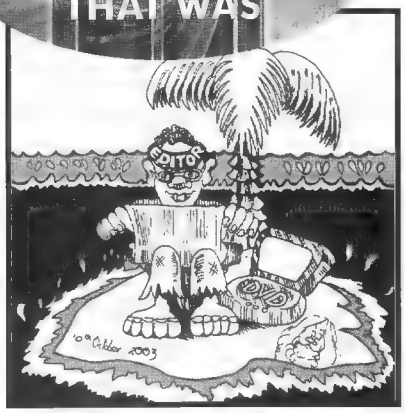
 # 108 - TVM 96 - Aug 2003
Cover art: Pete Wallbank

The biggest **In-Vision** ever goes to the heart of Doctor Who's Nineties revival. The movie that was and those that were not to be. 1996 in close-up and reviews aplenty

 # 109 - 23 years - Oct 2003
Cover art: Carolyn Edwards

The end of a drama series and the end of the road for the 23 year old **CMS** Reference Project. Past and present editors, writers and illustrators on the legacy of Doctor Who. Enjoy the project's past, celebrate the present moment that has been so long in coming, and look forward to whatever future Doctor Who will have in the years to come.

some of the titles on this checklist are now out-of print
for a list of titles in print, please send an SAE to the CMS subscription address



Desert Island Editors

Twenty-three years. 200 issues, under two names. Six editors. Each of whom picks their favourite moment from the 40-year run of Doctor Who

Tim Robins: Sutekh's Gift

Space and Time Editor, An Unearthly Child to The Crusade

A eerie silence descended on the chapel as the crashing chords of the organ pipes fell silent, the echoes of their discordant blaring fading into nothingness. Slowly the two giant figures swathed in bandages and flanking the opened sarcophagus lowered their arms.

Hardly daring even to breath Namin remained kneeling before the two steps leading to the upright casket, his eyes closed in reverence. Yet even through closed eyelids he knew he was being watched. The figure now stood in the casket's shell, that had so suddenly appeared when the back of the sarcophagus, moments earlier, had seemed to dissolve away to reveal a swirling tunnel of coloured light rays, was still there, even though the shimmering vortex had just as suddenly vanished.

Smoke. Acrid smoke assaulted the Egyptian's nostrils as the figure stepped from the casing. He could feel heat on his face as well, almost as if the stranger was emitting the very fires of the underworld itself from within its dark metallic garment. The thought was not misplaced. Grimly Namin realised the odour he could sense was a combination of smouldering wood and fabric. The stranger was burning the very ground he stepped upon with each measured footfall.

Exultant, yet filled with the dread of so many ancient prophecies so suddenly fulfilled, Namin made an effort to speak. "Master. At last you are here. I, Ibrahim Namin, and all my forebears have served you faithfully through thousands of years that you have slept. We have guarded the secret of your tomb."

The masked figure lowered its head, as if noticing the Egyptian for the first time. "Stand" it commanded. "Look upon my face".

The voice spoke in a human tongue, yet it sounded colder than the darkest tomb. His heart beating to combat the sudden grip of fear, Namin dared to speak again. "Great One. Lord Sutekh. I dare not"

"Look!"

Compelled to obey Namin lifted his gaze. Despite the gloom of the candle-lit chapel the figure before him was indeed surrounded by a dull halo, as though illuminated by the very heat the silvered garment was radiating. He tried to meet the gaze of his visitor but found himself staring instead at two darkened lenses, set into a smooth mask that totally concealed the likeness of the creature beneath.

It spoke again. "Is this the face of Sutekh?"

The fear in Namin's heart tightened its grip. If this was not his god, then who…? "Master" he implored. "Spare me. I am a true servant of the great Sutekh"

The creature stretched out its arms, almost in a gesture of benediction. "I am the servant of Sutekh. He needs no other."

The hands descended, closing around Namin's shoulders and throat. And where they touched they burned, searing flesh, fabric, sinew and bone with a murderous heat that tore through the Egyptian's agonised body even as he screamed and writhed fruitlessly to escape his tormentor's vice-like grip. Namin's world turned red, then black,, one final word registering in his fading consciousness. "Die!"

Namin's life ebbed away, the first of what might soon be millions. Letting the Egyptian's lifeless husk drop to the floor, the creature's mask tilted as if to regard the two bandaged sentinels standing motionless in the moonlight. "I bring Sutekh's gift of death to all humanity…"

Not just another Thursday night in Babylon, Canal Street, Manchester. Thursday night used to be Seventies night, but now it has become Nineties night and Vince is feeling 'ancient'. We follow Vince and his friends Stuart and Phil as they cruise from club to club. Stuart pulls a young boy, Nathan, and Vince learns he has copped off with a man whose muscles come from a catalogue rather than the gym.

The evening ends in the early hours of Friday morning: Stuart and Nathan making love, Vince alone with his video collection of porn, manga and **Doctor Who**. On Vince's television screen episode one of PYRAMIDS OF MARS climaxes with Scarman enacting the will of Sutekh. Vince watches the scene again and again, speaking Scarman's words aloud: "Die! I bring Sutekh's gift of death to all humanity!"

Written and co-produced by Russell T Davies, **Queer as Folk** was a bold attempt to challenge deeply held stereotypes of science fiction fans. For the first time, fans were represented not as stalkers, anoraks or pre-sex teenagers but as sexually active shoppers at H&M, possessing advanced social skills such as clubbing, cruising and copping off.

Struggles over how television represents individual lives are part of the medium's function as a new kind of public place for shared experiences, political debate and processes of representation. Unlike pre-modern public spaces such as the town square, the public bath or the coffee house, mediated public spaces are not tied to specific bounded locales, and public discourse is not conducted through face to face interaction. In the mediated public space of television, struggles for recognition becomes struggles over visibility.

Queer as Folk is caught up in struggles to make visible experiences otherwise excluded from television or consistently represented in a negative light. Its contribution to gay, lesbian and bi-sexual identity politics is better recognised than its contribution to challenging representations of fan identities – perhaps because fans are not as organised or politicised as such movements. Fans tend to focus more on securing access to the object of fandom – in this case **Doctor Who** – than on seeing themselves represented on screen in a positive way. Despite this, for many, **Doctor Who** and being a **Doctor Who** fan are inextricably linked.

On one hand **Doctor Who** clearly does articulate and make visible the emotional and other experiences of its viewers, although not literally so in terms of the kinds of realism and naturalism Davies uses to represent the lives of his gay characters. On the other hand, excluded from the means of production and self-representation, fans, like other audiences, must make of media products what they can.

To borrow French theorist Michel de Certeau's metaphor, fans can become poachers on the terrain of television, stealing its materials from under the noses of the media professionals who serve as game keepers, protecting the privatised property of the owners and controllers of the media industries. De Certeau conceives of poaching as a silent production. We see Vince smile, we hear his words, but we can only guess what the scene means to him. Is he sexually aroused? Comforted or reassured? Empowered of entertained? All of these and more?

While Davies challenges television's predominant representations of gay men by centralising and celebrating gay sexuality, by including various forms of fan experience he is able to show how gay men have had little choice but to seek pleasures of recognition in which their sexuality (and often all sexuality) is excluded.

But Davies also raises complex questions about individuals' uses of media to represent themselves. When Stuart uses a camera to record his own love-making, the resulting threesome is replayed on his television as pornography and watched by its audience-participants with the same alienated mix of cynicism and desire that characterises much of Stuart's relationships to other man. In contrast, Vince watches **Doctor Who**, a programme he had no part in making, with a warmth and intimacy lacking in Stuart's life. It is this kind of intimate relationship with distant, mediated others that is a characteristic of fandom in modern societies.

Another effect of making Vince an SF fan is to normalise fandom. Davies dramatises fanship as he dramatises gay life. He includes commonplaces – we see camp men, Vince fails to 'cop off' and watches **Doctor Who** solo – but adds to these representations. When Vince describes a **Juliet Bravo** fan as 'mad' the meaning of the word is extended from that of pathology (fan as insane) to pleasure (fans are 'mad for it').

But when we watch television we can respond to it not so much as an articulation of personal politics but as a performance and take pleasure in those elements – writing, acting, direction – that realise that performance. I thought of this clip, not only because it captures something about the reality of being a fan, but because it offers the pleasures of being in the company of a skilful dramatist at the height of his creative powers.

Gary Hopkins: A rum sort

Space and Time Editor, The Space Museum to the Enemy of the World

Strange cove, thinks I. Judging by the deerstalker, fancies himself a bit of a Sherlock Holmes. As for the girl... in that get-up...looks like more of a boy than a girl. Probably from foreign parts. Trying to blend in with the locals.

Pretty, though.

"Name and address?" says I, already thinking about the end of my shift on the desk. Been a long day. Getting longer.

"You can address me as Doctor," says he. "And this is Leela." He gestures to the girl who scowls insolently at me. Something not quite right about any of this, I decide.

Never mind. Try again. "I mean your place of residence, sir."

The girl finds her tongue. "We've only just arrived here." Speaks better English than I thought she would. Goes to show.

"On our way to the theatre," adds deerstalker.

"Your home address will do for the moment," says I, poised to write down the details. Can't help sounding a bit weary. "You do have a permanent address, sir?"

"No, sergeant. We're travellers."

Thought so. Vagrants. "I see. Persons of no fixed abode, eh?" This should be easy. Night in the cells. Up before the magistrate in the morning. Spell in the workhouse. Do them no end of good.

"Oh, we have an abode," says deerstalker. "It's called the Tardis..."

Name of a house, no doubt. A madhouse. T... A... R...

"But it's not fixed."

My pen hovers over the charge-sheet. Deerstalker's got one of those knowing smiles that annoy. Stay calm. "I can give you and the young lady a fixed abode, sir. Quite easily."

Deerstalker turns away, muttering something under his breath like "Bureaucratic booby". Could be wrong.

"What was that, sir?"

"Nothing complimentary," says he.

"Now look, sir," says I, resisting the urge to punch him on the nose, "we've got our hands full here. All the girls that have gone missing in this manor...So if you'll just co-operate by answering any questions, we'll get on a lot better and a lot quicker."

Blow me, if he doesn't answer back. "Sergeant, this is all irrelevant. I came here to lay evidence -"

"We'll come to that in good time, sir," says I, halting him in his tracks. Who does he think he is?

He loses his temper. "My friend and I tried to stop a robbery or kidnapping – possibly even a murder – and caught one of the culprits. Let's come to that now, shall we?"

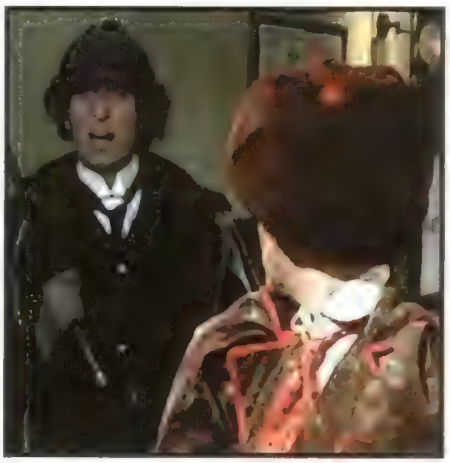
Well, excuse me. "We've only got your word as to what he did, Doctor." At least that's what he calls himself. Doctor of what, I wonder.

"The man they were carrying was dead," pipes up the girl. "He had been stabbed through the heart."

What have we got here? "Indeed, miss? And how can you be sure of that?"

"I'm a warrior of the Sevateem," says she, bold as brass. "I know the different sounds of death. Now do as the Doctor says and put our prisoner to the torture!"

Ruddy hell. They breed 'em tough in her country. "Well, if that don't take the biscuit," says I, allowing myself a little smile. "Torture? This ain't the dark ages, you know."



Peter Anghelides: It's in the titles!

Editor of In•Vision, Robot to Logopolis

I saw a lot of my favourite moment in Doctor Who, even before the days of video and DVD, because it was the original Tom Baker title sequence. The pounding sound of my favourite theme, the solemn face of the fourth Doctor gazing at us, the TARDIS flashing past... wonderful stuff!

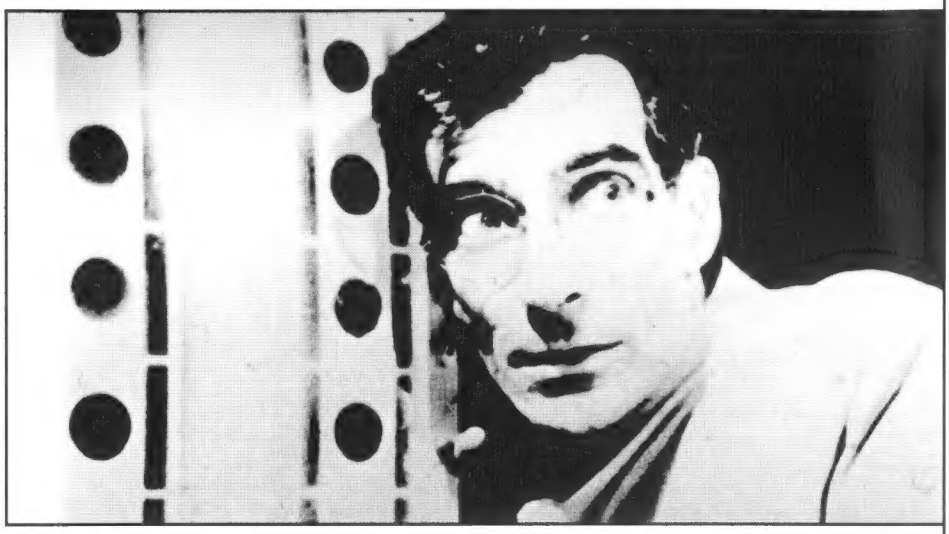
Stephen James Walker: Alone

Space and Time Editor, The Web of Fear to Planet of the Spiders

My suggestion – and this is really the first one that occurred to me as a candidate – would be the short location-filmed scene in STATE OF DECAY where the Doctor runs up the hill and enters the TARDIS, on his way to check the data banks for information about the Vampires. I've never quite understood why, but that brief sequence of his lonely, hat-and-scarf-clad form running up the hill and letting himself into his ship with his key, is remarkably evocative for me. I used to think I was alone in considering that scene so memorable, but then someone else said pretty much the same thing in an article that I happened to read, so I concluded that it must have a more universal power.

Justin Richards: The Power of Memory

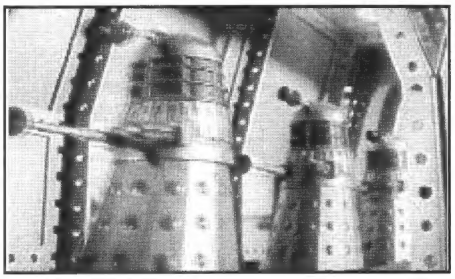
Editor of In·Vision, Robot to Logopolis



My earliest and most potent memories of **Doctor Who** are all about Daleks. That's probably why the two Troughton Dalek stories hold such appeal for me. Yes, there's a lot to recommend them, but also they are the two **Doctor Who** stories most deeply embedded in the impressionable memory of my early childhood, just as the Troughton era as a whole is evocative for me.

In fact, the first scene I recall from Doctor Who is such a muzzy memory I can't even be sure what it is a memory of. The Doctor – the old Doctor – is taken by a Dalek to their City, where he stands and looks into a huge plain metal room in which hundreds of Daleks go about their business, gliding to and fro in an almost hypnotic pattern close to dance...

Of course, this never happened. The Doctor seemed to go willingly – as I recall it. And the number of Daleks and the scale of their City defies the budgetary restrictions of that – or any other – era of the programme. Perhaps I am amalgamating several memories, colliding incidents and moments from various early Dalek stories and then enhancing and embellishing in the mind's hindsight. If the memory is based on a single moment, then I suspect that as good a candidate as any would be the Dalek rising from the Thames and then taking the Doctor and Ian to the Saucer Landing Area at the start of Episode Two of THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH. Sometimes I think I can remember the Dalek that greets the Doctor coming out of the water, and other times I think the memory is cheating, trying to find a pigeon hole into which to slot the imagined past.



For a bona fide early moment of truth, I would have to cite the sequence of the Dalek production line in THE POWER OF THE DALEKS. I don't think I'd really noticed, certainly I didn't really care, that there was a new Doctor. The programme was about the Daleks – and if they weren't in it, generally, I wasn't that interested.

At the age of five, I was Lesterson. I watched with him, had the same awful suspicions that I was about to see something. How clever of the author not simply to show us – the audience – the Daleks reproducing. Instead, we are with Lesterson when he fears – and we know – the worst. Having him creep into the Dalek ship, having him terrified, risking discovery – and worse – at any moment, having him wonder what he will find but all the while knowing that there is something – something terrible and terrifying to be found…

The viewer knows more than Lesterson. I knew that he was wrong to trust the Daleks, and I was there with the Doctor in the corridor when three Daleks glided past and he worked out that meant there were now four Daleks – more than there had been. (Another potent, significant sequence that remains clear in my memory.) All this brought together in Lesterson's nervous venture into the Dalek ship – that speaks of the quality of the writing on the programme in those (and other) days.

And then – the view of the conveyor belt line of Daleks. Now I know it is a model, but then it was real – it was happening. It was happening, albeit vicariously, to me. Again, Lesterson is a perfect viewpoint character. Like me he was inspired by the Daleks, in awe of them. But by now he is also frightened of them. Like me, he cannot bear not to look, not to know. But he watches hoping he won't be found out. He didn't have a sofa to hide behind, but we were there together when the Daleks were reproducing, when they dropped bubbling lumps of goo into empty casings, when the tops were lowered, when each Dalek shivered into fascinating life and rolled off the production line. Ready to go out into the world of Vulcan and exterminate all humans… They were looking for me too. Perhaps they still are.

Anthony Brown: I didn't see that coming...

Editor of In·Vision, Castrovalva to ?

I can't put my finger on why THE INVASION OF TIME's my favourite moment from the entire history of **Doctor Who**. It's an arbitrary choice, obviously, but part of it is that INVASION OF TIME appeals to my most fannish tastes.

For a start, it was a sequel to a story I remembered, that picked up on a loose end from a story just released by Target. It hadn't struck me that the Doctor's little ploy of standing for the presidency left him as the sole candidate after Goth's death, but once it was pointed out it was obvious. Then all the references to the regalia of THE DEADLY ASSASSIN, and best of all the return of Borusa, transformed from a scheming bureaucrat into a benevolently complex figure capable of performing as a foil to Tom Baker at his most exuberent. There's a wealth of chemistry in that single moment by the TARDIS swimming pool as Borusa glances up from his newspaper and the Doctor spots the headline: "Titanic Sinks". "I had nothing to do with it, Chancellor."

"You know it's so nice to have my head to myself again. It's really not pleasant having somebody snooping around your mind all the time.

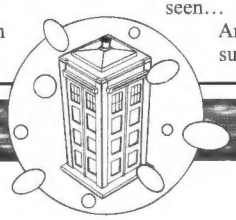
"Oh, I don't mean all of you at home. I'm used to you, after all this time. No, I'm talking about the Vardans. Boring monsters who're only pretending to be monsters, and turn out to be even more boring shouty people. Terribly disappointing. But they root around in your mind, like the village gossip. Made it far more difficult to get on with my plan, having only K-9 to rely on.

"Still, they're gone now, safely time-looped, and everything can get back to normal.

"Hold on, what's everybody staring at…"

But I'm getting ahead of myself. I hadn't been worried about the Doctor's behaviour in the early episodes, as I automatically trusted K-9 and he was clearly in on whatever the Doctor was doing. But the reassurance of his victory was satisfying… and then the Sontarans turned up. The Sontarans: 'my' monster, the only one whose every appearance I'd seen…

Another surprise – and the Doctor surprised as well.



Somewhere on a distant shore sits a battered blue box, and it is waiting. It doesn't belong there, and feels a little irritated about that. It was supposed to blend in with its surroundings, and took pride in doing so as best it could... but her master likes her like this, and she likes to humour him.

He left some time ago, locking the door behind him as he went, as he usually did.. and when he didn't, she looked after the waifs and strays who wandered in. He's not been back since, but that's not unusual. She knows he'll be back.

Because he loves her. He would never abandon her...

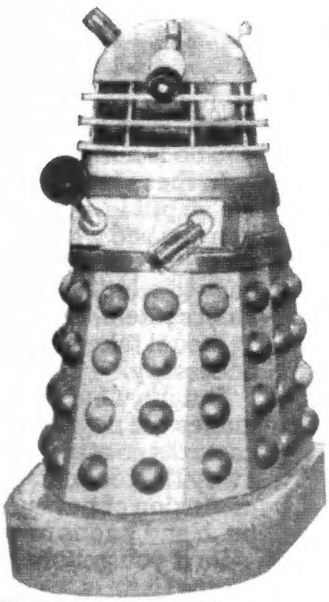
EXIT...
THE DOCTOR AND HIS DEMONS
(for the time being, anyway)

1 SAT 5.15

THE Cybermen, the Quarks, the Krotons, the Zarbies and the Ice Warriors, the Seaweed Monsters, the hairy Yeti, and, of course, the dreaded, near-indestructible Daleks. They've sent chills down millions of spines in the last seven years—but now they're all disappearing back to the far-distant planets whence they came.

For *Dr. Who*, in its present form, is ending. No more trips in the *Tardis* beyond the Milky Way, no more forays into the past of Jacobite rebellions, Viking invasions, the West when it was wild.

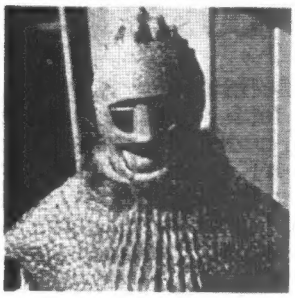
Of course, the Doctor is not going he returns early next year he will be a new kind of person in several respects.

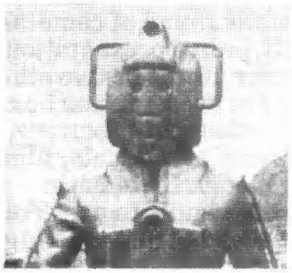


The Dalek . . . dreaded, near-indestructible enemy No. 1

Derrick Sherwin, producer for the series, explains: 'Naturally will be played by a different actor, a successor to William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton.' Just who this new actor will be we are not telling for the moment.

More merchants of menace—the Ice Warrior . . .





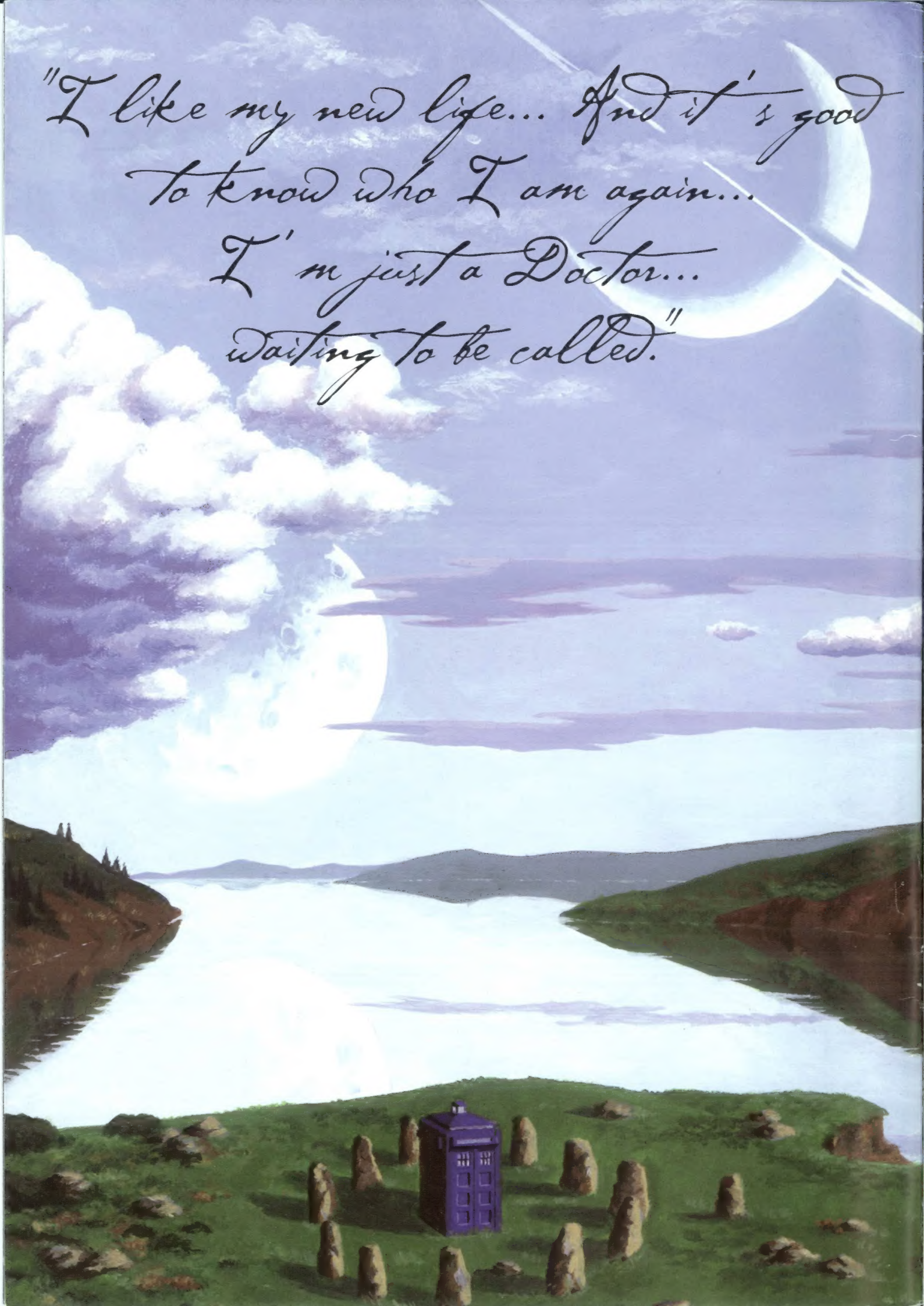
. . . and the Cyberman

Parked alongside the Tardis . . . a hairy Yeti

in a time not many years distant from now, when such things as space stations will be actuality.

'But don't get the idea that he's finished with monsters—he seems

Next issue... See you in 2005?


"I like my new life... And it's good
to know who I am again...
I'm just a Doctor...
waiting to be called."

"I like my new life... And it's good
to know who I am again...
I'm just a Doctor...
waiting to be called."

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DOCTOR WHO

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